

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE SIAMESE TWINS AND A VISITOR. IN NEW-YORK.

Visitor. Well, boys, I am glad to see you—you are welcome back to our city.

Chang, Eng. (together.) Thank you, sir!—thank you, sir! I am very glad to see you—allow me to take your hat—let me give you a chair.

Vis. Don't trouble yourselves, boys.

Ch. No trouble, I assure you.

Eng. Rather a pleasure, will you take a cigar, sir?

Vis. Thank you, boys—it is seldom I smoke in the morning, but for the sake of keeping you company I will take one, if you please—your cigars look too tempting to be refused.

Ch. Eng. Yes, very fine cigars, the best American.

Vis. How? American! Surely they can't be American—they have the genuine Havana complexion.

Eng. They are American—I'll prove it.

Ch. Yes—they are American—I'll prove it.

Vis. Let me take a whiff and I'll prove it myself. (Commences smoking.) No, boys, you are mistaken, this is not an American cigar.

Ch. Eng. You say it is not American—what will you bet it is not? a dozen cigars?

Vis. Aye, and a dozen added to that.

Eng. I will call the waiter.

Ch. Yes, the waiter will prove it. (They ring and waiter enters.)

Ch. Eng. Waiter, where did you get these cigars?

Waiter. At the bar, gentlemen.

Ch. Eng. At the bar—what bar?

Waiter. The bar of the hotel, gentlemen.

Ch. En. What hotel?

Waiter. Why this hotel, the American.

Ch. Eng. Then these cigars are American cigars?

Waiter. Yes, gentlemen.

Vis. Ah, boys, you are too sharp for me—the bet is yours—here, waiter, bring the boys two dozen cigars.

Ch. Oh no, I won't smoke you—put up your purse, sir.

Eng. I won't smoke you—give the money to the first poor boy you meet.

Ch. Tell him it is a present from the Siamese youth, if you please.

Eng. Don't say Siamese boys—a present from the Siamese youth, say, if you please.

Vis. I beg pardon, gentlemen, for calling you boys—but really that is the title by which you are generally addressed, is it not?

Ch. Eng. Never in England—in this country sometimes.

Vis. But why not in England?

Ch. Boy is a boy there—a servant boy—cook boy—school boy—

Eng. And a young gentleman is a young gentleman.

Vis. Well, I am glad you have set me right in this matter—my mistake was of the head, not of the heart.

Ch. Oh yes, I dare say—people don't think when they speak of the Siamese twins that they are young men twenty years of age.

Eng. Suppose you call a young gentleman of your acquaintance, boy—would he resent the insult?

Vis. True—true—and why should not the Siamese young gentlemen resent such an epithet?

Ch. Eng. I look at a man's heart, not his words—suppose we take a seat at the window, if you please.

Vis. With pleasure—you have the blinds closed and can see those that pass without being seen.

Eng. Yes, the Siamese youth don't exhibit himself at the window—he wouldn't make much so.

Ch. No—not one sixpence a week!

Vis. What a splendid lady is that passing—do you see her, Chang, Eng? Is she not beautiful?

Ch. Eng. I can't tell by seeing her—I must talk with her first.

Vis. But I mean the personal appearance of the lady—her face—her form—you can tell, surely, by looking whether you are pleased with them?

Ch. Not at all—not at all—no lady is handsome without some sense—you can't say that lady has a penny's worth.

Eng. Nor yet if she has any more soul than a musketo—you must converse with her before you call her handsome.

Vis. Your notions are quite different from the majority of persons on this subject—but really, I must confess, you have the most correct standard of beauty. You have heard, perhaps, an old saying in this country, "looks are nothing, behaviour is all."

Ch. That's my idea exactly—a good face is nothing—

Eng. Good form—nothing—

Ch. Fine dress—nothing—

Ch. Eng. Good heart—good sense, every thing!

Vis. You do not like gay dress, then. You surely would not be so ungallant as to find fault with ladies for the pretty hats and dresses they wear.

Ch. What's the use of all that ribbon? it cannot keep her warm.

Eng. I like dress—plain dress, simple dress—too much flowers, too much feathers, too much finery, all foolish—very foolish.

Ch. No need of them for a handsome lady—she don't look any handsomer for them.

Vis. But an ugly woman?

Eng. Looks twenty times more ugly for them.

Ch. Suppose you dress a monkey in fine clothes, he will not look handsomer for them.

Vis. Here comes a lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion—what say you to her appearance?

Ch. Eng. She wants to show herself—that's certain—exhibition for nothing! ha, ha, ha!

Vis. What do you mean, Chang Eng—I confess I do not understand the joke.

Ch. Eng. Look at her! look at her before she is gone! Exhibition for nothing! ha, ha, ha!

Vis. I am in the dark yet—your eyesight is better than mine, for really I see nothing to laugh at in the lady's appearance.

Ch. Dress very fine—very fine—but then her eyes look up at every body she passes, as much

Vis. as to say—

Vis. Say what, prithee?

Ch. Eng. "Just look at me and see how fine I am dressed!" Eyes speak plain as words.

Vis. You are too scandalous—the young lady I dare say is conscious of her beautiful dress, but she don't mean to show it.

Eng. Exhibition for nothing! all ladies ought to have painted on their new dresses when they go out to show themselves—Exhibition for nothing!

Vis. But come, spare your remarks upon the ladies—what say you to the young gentleman who walks so prettily with his pretty little walking stick?

Ch. Eng. Why, he's a pretty little walking stick! ha, ha, ha!

Vis. Is that all?

Ch. Yes, that's all.

Eng. He's nothing more.

Ch. Eng. A pretty little walking stick! ha, ha, ha!

Vis. But see, here is a poor fellow with a wooden leg, hobbling painfully over the pavements—he holds out his hat for alms, but he gets none.

Ch. Eng. He don't want alms, he only wants a leg—I wish he had one of mine—but I'll give him some money. (They open the blinds and fling each a piece of money to the cripple.)

Cripple. (From the street.) Heaven bless you, heaven bless you! kind young gentlemen.

Ch. (Closing the blinds.) That blessing is certainly worth more than the money I gave the old man.

Eng. I hope it may make him as happy in receiving as me in giving it.

Vis. (Taking Chang, Eng, each by the hand.) Ah, young gentlemen, heaven has given you hearts like other men, though it has formed your bodies differently—would that the tie that joins the latter might be separated!

Ch. Eng. Be separated!—Chang, Eng separated! no never!

Ch. The good book you believe in—the good book I believe in, says, what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Eng. And why should I be separated? where would be my gain?

Ch. You see one man single, that man fights, he quarrels with his brother, Chang, Eng never fight, Chang, Eng never quarrel.

Vis. Would you not be happier to be able to walk abroad like other folks—to mingle in the world, and indulge in a thousand enjoyments from which you are now debarred.

Ch. Eng. And would I be happier—do you see any man who is single, happier than I am?

Ch. Show me that man and I consent to the separation.

Eng. Show me that man and I consent to the separation.

Vis. No, happy youths, I must own I see no one whom I have reason to believe happier than you are—nor do I believe your happiness would be increased by the dissolution of the bond of your union. You were born together, twin united children—have grown up together in constant companionship—never for a single hour, nay, one moment of your existence, have you been parted—your hearts and your affections, your minds and your habits have become knit together as it were by the same mysterious union—in all your journey through life to the present period you have gone hand in hand, and heart in heart—each loving and beloved by the other—each feeling the same wants and comforts—the same pleasures and pains—the same joys and sorrows—

Ch. Eng. Ah, sir, there you spoke true! I will never be separated—my mother would not know her Chang, Eng, on his return, if he came not united—my little sister, she would not know her Chang, Eng—Chang, Eng, would not know himself!

Vis. I respect, young men, your feelings, and admire your noble nature.

Ch. Eng. You flatter me, sir—but if you please, I will drop the subject for this morning.

Vis. We will—we will—but I must resume it again at another time.

Ch. Eng. As you please, sir.

NOTE. The foregoing dialogue is not a mere fancy sketch. Many of the remarks, sentiments and repartees contained in it, have been actually elicited from the Twins, in conversation with them by ourselves. We have attempted to convey an idea of their character, by this dialogue, believing that their true character is not so generally known as it ought to be. If, by any, it should be thought that the picture is too highly colored, we ask of them to visit the originals, to witness the good feelings displayed by them, their shrewdness of observation, their amiableness of disposition and politeness of manners. We hazard the assertion that there will be found in the Siamese Twins an observance of the laws of politeness, more scrupulous and exact than in thousands who boast their superior advantages. It will have been noticed that, in the course of the dialogue, they frequently speak simultaneously, using the same or similar language, and expressing themselves to the same effect. This, strange as it may appear, is really the case; it is difficult to say that their ideas do not flow at the same time and in the same current, when any given subject is presented to their minds.

Another fact requires explanation. In speaking of themselves, or in addressing a third person, they uniformly make use of the singular number—for instance, if asked how was their health, they would each reply "I am very well"—or "I have been sick." Indeed in this respect, they seem to be conscious of one, and only one person. In the dialogue however, we have used a little licence in this respect, but only where it could not easily be avoided. D.

From the Literary Magazine.

A LESSON FOR JURORS.

A judge, who lately travelled the northwest circuit of Ireland came to the trial of a cause in which most of the local consequences of certain demagogues in the neighborhood were concerned; it was the case of a landlord's prosecution against a poor man, his tenant, for assault and battery committed on the person of the prosecutor, by the defendant, in the preservation of his only child, an innocent and beautiful girl from ravishment. When the poor man was brought into the court, the prosecutor appeared and swore most manfully to every article in the indictment. He was cross-examined by the Jurors, who were composed of honest tradesmen and farmers. The poor man had no lawyers to tell his story; he pleaded his own cause, he pleaded not to the fancy but to the heart. The jury found him not guilty. The court was enraged; but the surrounding spectators, gladdened to exultation, uttered a shout

of applause. The Judge told the Jury they must go back to their jury room and reconsider the matter; adding, "he was surprised they could presume to return so infamous a verdict." The Jury bowed, went back, and in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench; "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our jury room; but as we found no reason to alter our verdict, we return it in the same words as before, not guilty.—We heard your lordship's extraordinary language of reproach, but we do not accept it as properly or warrantably applying to us. It is true, my lord, that we ourselves, individually considered in our private capacities, may be poor insignificant men, therefore, in that light, we claim nothing out of this box above the common regards of our humble but honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible to the great and constitutional importance of the department, we now fill; we feel, my lord, that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution, not only as an impartial tribunal to judge between the king and his subjects, the offended and offender, but we act in a situation of still greater confidence; for we form, as a jury the barrier of the people against the possible influence, prejudice, passion, or corruption of the bench. To you, my lord, meeting you within these walls, I, for my own part, might possibly measure my respects by your private virtues; but the moment I am enclosed in this place, your private character is invisible; for it is, in my eyes, veiled in your official one, and to open conduct in that only can we look.

This jury, my lord, does not, in this business, presume to offer to that bench the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honor of both. This jury, my lord, did not arraign that bench with partiality, prejudice, infamous decision, nor yet with influence, passion, corruption, oppression, or tyranny;—no, we looked to it as the mercy seat of royalty, as the sanctuary of truth and justice. Still, my lord, we cannot blot from our minds the records of our old school books, nor erase the early inscriptions written on our intellects and memories. Hence we must be mindful that monarchs and judges are but fallible mortals, that tyrants have sat on thrones, and that the mercy seat of royalty, and the sanctuary of justice, have been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scraggs, and a Jeffries. [Here was a frown from the bench.]

Nay, my lord, I am a poor man, but I am a free born subject of the kingdom of Ireland, a member of the constitution; nay, I am now higher, for I am the representative thereof.

I therefore claim for myself and fellow jurors, the liberty of speech; and if I am refused it here, I shall resume it at the door of this court house, and tell them why I delivered my mind there instead of delivering it in this place. [Here the bench assumed complacency.]

I say, my lord, we have nothing to do with your private character; we know you are here only in that of a judge; and as such we would respect you;—you know nothing of us but as a jury; and in that situation we should look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however high his title or his rank, in whom the law or the constitution would warrant an unprovoked insult towards the tribunal in whom the people have vested the dearest and most valuable privilege they possess. I before said, my lord, that we are here met, not individually, nor do we assume pre-eminence; but in the sacred character of a jury, we should be wanting in reverence to the constitution itself, if we did not look for the respect of every man who regards it. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our opinions, on the evidence before us. We have in our minds, acquitted our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are answerable, not to your lordship, nor to that bench, nor to the king who placed you there, but to a higher power, the KING OF KINGS!"

The bench was dumb, the box silent; but approbation was murmured throughout the crowd; and the poor man was discharged.

To illustrate the extraordinary virtues and independence displayed by the above jury, would require more than ordinary talents; suffice it to say, that it ought to be instilled into the mind, and the lesson engraven on the heart of every man, that he may be prepared for that exalted station.

MISCELLANY.

From the "Romance of History," by Leitch Ritchie, 3d Series. J. & J. Harper, N. Y. 1831.

THE DREAM-GIRL.

There is a certain valley in Languedoc, at no great distance from the palace of the Bishop of Mendes, where to this day the traveller is struck by some singular diversities of scenery. The valley itself is the most quiet and delightful that France can boast. A stream wanders through it with just rapidity enough to keep its waters sweet and clear; and on either side of this line of beauty, some gentle swelling meadows extend on one side to a chain of smooth green hills, and on the other to the base of a mountain of almost inaccessible rocks. The river is bordered by willows and other shrubs crowding to dip their branches in the transparent wave; and here and there in its neighborhood, groves of walnut-trees stud the meadows, serving as a rendezvous of amusement for innumerable nightingales, which at the first dawn of summer assemble on the branches, and, as if in mockery of the poets, fill the evening air with their mirthful music.

Even now the human population of the valley is not particularly abundant; and he who chances to pass that way on his journey to the more celebrated scenes of travelling curiosity, finds sometimes a little difficulty, no doubt to his great mortification and surprise, in obtaining all the luxuries which render London and Paris so agreeable. Two centuries ago, however, in the reign of Louis XIII. matters were still worse; for there was then only one village in the whole area between hill and mountain, and that was a very small and a very poor one.

The village of Rossignol (so named probably on account of the abundance of nightingales in the neighborhood) was inhabited by very poor, but very happy people. It is true, that in common with other cultivators of the fickle earth, they had sometimes to mourn the overthrow of the husbandman's hopes; and that even their remote and lonely situation did not always protect them from the exaction of those whom birth, violence, or accident had made the lords of the domain. But in such cases, the villagers of Rossignol had a resource, limited indeed, and attended by hardship and even danger, but to a certain extent absolutely unfailing.

When M. de Thou, the excellent historian, travelled in this province about the time referred to, his imagination was greatly struck by the peculiarities of the occupation about to be described. The following (in his own words) is the simple way in which he first chanced to hear it.

"In a journey," says he, "which I made into Languedoc, I paid a visit to the Bishop of Mendes at his delightful seat in that province, who treated us at table rather with the magnificence of a nobleman than the simplicity of an ecclesiastic. We observed, however, that all the wild fowl wanted either a leg, a wing, or some other part."

"Why," cried the prelate, good-humoredly, "it does not look very elegant, indeed; but you must excuse the greediness of my caterer, who is always for having the first bit of what he brings." Upon being informed that his caterers were no other than eagles, we expressed a desire to be informed of the manner of their service; with which our friend accordingly complied.

"The eagles build their nests in the cavity of some high, steep rock; and when the peasants discover the place, they erect a little hut at the foot of the precipice, where they may secure themselves from the weather, and watch till the birds fetch prey to their young. The moment these deposit game in their nests, they fly off in quest of more; and the peasants, starting from their ambush, run up the rocks with astonishing agility, and carry away the prize, leaving some entrail of animals instead, that the nests may not be forsaken. In general, before the plunderers reach the nest, the old or young eagles have torn off some part of the bird or other animal, which is the reason why the Bishop's luxuries appeared in so mutilated a state. The quantity of the game, however, amply compensates for such defects, as the lord and lady eagle always choose the best fowl, forest, or hill affords."

The company at the bishop's table, however, little thought of the hazard with which their dainties were provided; and although, sometimes, no doubt, in their sleep, they felt their brain whirl, and enjoyed the delightful sensation of falling down a precipice, it was more owing to indigestion than to a sympathy of imagination. The occupation, indeed, was looked upon as sport by the villagers themselves; but so also is tiger-hunting, or any other dangerous amusement, in the quarter where it is practised; and at the date of our story, more than one childless mother was seen to tremble and turn pale with recollection as the signal was given for one of those expeditions of pleasure to the fatal mountain.

The presence of the young women, who usually accompanied their fathers or brothers, added greatly to the holiday character of the scenes; and as on all other occasions the separation of the sexes was rigidly maintained, the time was chosen by love for his advances. In the midst of the small community, whose fields of grain did not extend many hundred yards round the village, it was next to impossible for the wooer to steal an opportunity for his soft tales, which the customs of the place forbade him to enjoy openly; but among the rocks and precipices of the gigantic mountain, all was liberty. The young girls opened the campaign by darting up the more accessible parts of the mountain, pursued by their lovers; and in searching for game, it happened frequently that they found husbands. Sometimes the more high spirited would even emulate their lovers in climbing the loftiest precipices; and it was observed that those who were most noted for such feats of agility, had usually the most perfect forms. This was caused, no doubt, by the play of the muscles, assisting and developing more perfectly the plan of nature; but yet, when it was said truly that the young men chose their sweethearts by their dexterity in the chase, it was not suspected that beauty, instead of success, was the charm.

When the party returned to the village, a feast took place on the spoils not destined for sale, and there the joke and the laugh went round; matches were counted as well as bruises; and the hunters numbered, like the pheasants, by the brace.

It must not be supposed, however, that even in an Arcadia like this,

"The course of true love always did run smooth."

There was one young girl, called Julie, who was cruel enough to have depopulated a whole nation of lovers. She was the most beautiful creature, it is said, that ever skimmed the surface of this breathing world. Her light brown hair was illumined in the bends of the curls with gleams resembling those of autumn; and it was so long and luxuriant, that when, in the ardor of the chase, it became unbound, and floated in clouds around her, that seemed just touched on their golden summits by the sun, she looked more like a thing of air than of earth.

Nor was the illusion dissipated when, flinging away with her white arm the redundant tresses, her face flashed upon the gazer.—There was nothing in it of that tinge of earth—for, there is no word for the thought—which identifies the loveliest and happiest faces with morality. There was no shade of care upon her dazzling brow—no touch of tender thought upon her lip—no flash, even of hope, in her radiant eyes. Her expression spoke neither of the past nor the future—neither of graves nor altars. She was a thing of mere physical life—a gay and glorious creature of the sun, and the wind, and the dews; who exhaled as carelessly and unconsciously as a flower, the sweet smell of her beauties for the bounties of nature, and pierced the ear of heaven with her mirthful songs, from nothing higher than the instinct of a bird.

It seemed as if what was absent in her mind had been added to her physical nature. She had the same excess of animal life which is observed in young children; but unlike them her muscular force was great enough to give it play. Her walk was a bounding dance, and her common speech like a gay and sparkling song: her laugh echoed from hill to hill, like the tone of some sweet but wild and thrill instrument of music. She outstripped the boldest of the youths in the chase; skimmed like some phantom shape along the edge of the precipices, approached even by the wild goat with fear; and looked round with careless joy from pinnacles which interrupted the flight of the eagle through the air.

With such beauty, and such accomplishments, for the place and time, how many hearts might not Julie have broken! Julie did not break one. She was admired, loved, followed; and she fled, rending the air with her shrieks of musical laughter. Disconcerted, stunned, mortified, and alarmed, the wooer pursued his mistress only with his eyes, and blessed the saints that he had not gained such a phantom for a wife.

A year before, there had been one youth of the village who was able to keep pace with Julie, nay to outstrip her, at least towards the close of the day, when even her strength began to fail. Antoine, in addition to being the best and boldest huntsman, was out of all question, the handsomest young fellow in the valley of Rossignol; and no human being doubted that it was he who was destined to conquer the love of Julie. Antoine strove very hard; he broke his leg once, and risked his neck a hundred times; but all in vain. Julie continued to laugh, and to fly, and when overtaken, she only laughed the louder. Antoine at length saw that she had no soul; his spirit was roused; he tried to banish her idea from his mind; and finding his efforts unavailing, he bade adieu to his kinsmen and comrades, and

with a heavy heart but a firm step, he left the village, whistling a march.

The world beyond the valley was not exactly such as had been presented to the dreams of Antoine. Every where the herald was going about proclaiming war; and priests and ambassadors, the ministers of temporal and eternal peace, carried fire and sword through Europe at the head of armies. The roads were almost impassable, and infested by troops of robbers. In Paris itself, which Antoine visited in the course of his adventures, he found with astonishment that the streets were narrow, badly paved, choked up with filth, and swarming with thieves. The city watch was composed of forty-five men, who only added to the danger and disturbance.

Every where was seen dissatisfaction and commotion. The parishes of the metropolis fought with each other; and religious processions, in passing, came to blows for the honor of their respective banners. The canons of different establishments were seen frequently engaged hand to hand; and on the very day that Louis XIII. solemnly put his kingdom under the protection of the most Holy Virgin, the Parliament and Chamber of Accounts fought bitterly for precedence in the church of Notre Dame. The public corporations throughout the kingdom were in arms; and Antoine could not move a hundred yards without being the spectator of a duel.

Astrologers were going about selling predictions; and the more misfortune they foretold, the greater price was paid for them. The evil eye darted its fatal fascinations at every step; and the whirl of witches troubled the air. The incantations of priests driving out devils, mingled with the shrieks of the possessed. Fires blazed in which sorcerers expiated their unspeakable crimes; and demons buzzed round the flames in the shape of blue-bottle flies, to carry off the souls of the victims to a still hotter hell. Among the Catholics, religion was a debasing and ludicrous superstition, intermingled with horrible debaucheries; and among the Protestants, a lifeless and soulless form, brutalized by the stern ferocity of the zealots.

Disgusted and alarmed, Antoine sought again his quiet valley of Languedoc. He had been a soldier. He had burned villages and sacked towns; flushed with success, he had feasted in the conquering camp; and naked, helpless, and alone, he had fled through the enemy's country. He had seen women in every stage of their condition, from the captive maid kneeling for mercy at the victor's feet, to the triumphant queen dispensing death or honors by a signal of her white hand, or a flash of her royal eye. Handsome himself, brave and adventurous, he had been the mark of many a lightning glance; he had trifled in the assemblies of the fair, and talked and dreamed of love in the evening hour. But never, in all his wanderings, had he seen a girl like Julie. Never, amid the roving of his truant eye, or the vows of his plastic lip, or the enchanted dreams of his vain and ambitious heart, had he ever forgotten the magic of a smile, which, although colder than ice in itself, had set his soul on fire!

Julie lived within him—no more a beautiful image, that, like the sculptor of the antique world, he had wept to find so lifeless and so cold. She was a thing of life, and breath, and heart, and soul. Her beauty was of the true mortal stuff, composed of smiles, and tears, and hopes, and wishes, and regrets. She was a being to be loved, not as we love a picture, on account of the art of its design and the glory of its coloring, but by the external enchantment of sympathy.

How this metamorphosis had been produced on the portrait which he had carried abroad with him in his stripling heart, it would be vain to inquire. The mind, however, is never at rest; nor any more than the body does it permit what it imbibes, or swallows, to be so. The idea, as well as the substance, acted upon by the powers of nature, soon changes its form, and is turned into food—or poison.

Antoine arrived in the valley of Rossignol at the same season of the year in which he had quitted it; and so little appearance of change did he observe, that in winding through the knots of willows by the side of the stream, in his approach to the houses, he was almost tempted to doubt whether his absence had been any thing more than a dream. His reception, however, by the villagers, soon convinced him of the reality of his travels. News was eagerly demanded of the world, but he could tell little to interest or satisfy them. They were still busy with the conspiracy of Marshal Biron under Henri IV. and debated fiercely upon

* Louis XIII. was the last who observed this custom.

† It was not difficult to obtain the reputation of sorcery. A man was tried for teaching a horse some tricks, such as we see at country fairs; they wanted to burn both horse and man. At the *Auto da Fe* of the magician Grandier, a fly buzzing round the miserable wretch was pointed out to the spectators by a monk, as the Devil come to carry away the soul of the criminal.

‡ Voltaire complains, in a manner highly characteristic of that exorcism of philosophers, that in this state of society there were no coteries—no academies.

the terms of the promise of marriage given by that prince to Mademoiselle d'Estragues.—They thought that the Mayor of Paris was the author of all the disturbances in the kingdom, and that Cardinal Richelieu was persecuted by the Protestants for his religious opinions. Antoine, at last, so great was the majority against him, was ashamed of his ignorance, and wished he had never left the valley of Rossignol, where they knew so much better what was done in the world, than they who had been in the world themselves.

But Julie! She was a year older. Her voice had sunk about the millionth part of a tone; her eyes were more intensely blue; her figure was rounded into a mould that made Antoine ask indignantly how he could have imagined her former beauty to be perfection. Was she still so coldly lovely? The villagers said, yes; but Antoine swore a great oath to himself.—No. The attributes of his ideal Julie he so lavishly bestowed upon the original, that the two were inextricably blended in his imagination. Her very scorn had something of tenderness to his love sick mind; her wild laugh made his heart quake and tremble like the atmosphere in which it sounded; and the flash of her sunny eye fired his thoughts in such a manner, that, as if there had been trains of powder, the young soldier sometimes ran into the woods, to leave, if possible, himself behind, and avoid the explosion.

In the mean time, a day was appointed for an expedition to the black mountain. The interval was passed in jeers directed at Antoine, who was supposed, from long disuse, to be incapable of engaging with his former vigor and adroitness in the sport. The anticipated triumph of Julie was painted to him in terms of bitter mockery; and various young girls, who had budded into beauty since his departure, were pointed out as proper substitutes for her who would only be wooed by the wind, and return a love as cold and unsubstantial.

When the day came, the party assembled, to the number of twenty, nearly half of whom were handsome young girls, all in their holiday costume. They were escorted out of the village, according to immemorial custom, by a tribe of little children, screaming benedictions, and scattering flowers; and when they had gained a huge oak-tree near the entrance, each one pulled a branch; and the women ranging themselves two by two in the van, while the men followed in the same order, the whole set forth singing a hymn in parts, and keeping time with their feet, and waving their oak branches to the music.

It was not long before they entered into the cold shadow of the mountain, "floating many a rood" upon their path. There was a savage grandeur in the scene before them, which for a time awed even the hearts accustomed to it from infancy. This remarkable range of mountains is formed for the most part of granite rocks, of which the scanty vegetation affords subsistence to no animal except the wild goat. So irregular are these masses of cliff, that at several points of the view the traveller fancied he sees before him some gigantic city of the desert, with chimneys, domes, and spires rising in the midst. On nearer approach, the objects of his wonder change into ridges of rocks and pinnacles so bare and lofty that he shudders to scale them even in imagination. Towards the summit of the mountain, the majestic dimensions of the scene exceed conception. Frightful chasms seem to split asunder the entire ridge; and the stranger, leaning over the precipice, puts back the damp hair from his eyes, to gaze upon the horrid secrets of subterranean nature.

Such was the scene of the villagers' recreation. A considerable part of the forenoon was spent in repairing their huts along the base of the cliffs, which a storm, since their last visit, had almost destroyed; and the first part of the adventure, in which the females always joined, commenced. This consisted of a general rummage of the more accessible parts of the mountain; during which the young girls tried their speed with each other, or, putting themselves under the guidance of their lovers, were led into clefts and obscurities from whence their escape could only be purchased by confession.

On this occasion, the hunters kept more in a body than was customary; for, although each had his individual interest to attend to, all were curious to know how Antoine would speed with his fantastic mistress. Julie's spirits had risen to a point which it was never imagined that even they could attain. Her laugh echoed so far and wildly among the rocks, that the startled listeners looked round to see whether some assistants had not risen from the fissures of the cliff, to sustain and repeat the almost unearthly sound; her cheeks swelled with beauty; her figure seemed to dilate; and her dancing eyes flashed sparks of light, as she waited on tip-toe the signal to start.—Her companions looked at her with wonder and admiration; but the oldest man of the party, the same who was to give the signal, was seen to regard her with a strange expression of concern.

"Antoine," said he aside, "look to Julie today! There is that in her eyes which bodes no good. I never saw the expression but once before; yet I cannot mistake it. Do you not see it—that dark spot, or look, or whatever it may be, that sits in the midst of life and glory? Follow close, but do not pass her, lest you tempt her into danger; above all things, tarry not late, for this day, fair as it seems, will close in thunder and storm.—Now, my children," continued the old man aloud—"God speed you all! Luck to the boldest, and love to the fairest!—Away! away! away!"

And away they flew, like a herd of wild deer before the hunters at the beginning of the chase, when, conscious of their own fleetness, they toss their proud heads with joy and courage. Some were seen running up an almost perpendicular precipice, scarcely touching the lichens of the rock to assist their ascent; and then standing, with their heels on the dizzy summit, and bending down to jeer their slower companions below. Some caught their mistresses by the waist, as they were about to leap across a chasm, and held them threateningly over the gulf, till they bought their deliverance with a kiss. More timid wooers contented themselves with luring the selected fair one to a distance from the crowd, where, with nothing more to scare them than the dead silence and solitude of nature, they might whisper their passion.

Julie was seen gliding up height after height, and skimming precipice after precipice, to the farthest ridge of the magnificent picture. Her shrill and musical laugh at last melted faintly on the ear, and she and her lover were observed, but so dimly, as to be scarcely discernible, near the summit of a pinnacle in the back ground. They were seated beside an eagle's nest, in which two young ones were lying, warmly cradled and asleep. Antoine sighed as he looked.

"Julie," said he, softly, "what are you gazing at? There is not even a cloud in that fair blue sky to give you matter for a thought. Look here! Oh Julie, how sweetly these little creatures are sleeping! Yet, asleep as they are, each knows that it is not alone. See, when I move one, the other awakes! Even in sleep, they feel the presence of each other; and in the sensation there is comfort, and protection, and delight. How happy must be the life of an eagle! how delicious his feelings, when, leaving the toilsome world behind, he sinks down into his nest of peace! How sweetly must the curtains of darkness close around him, snugly housed in this circle, with the partner and pledges of his happiness! The midnight wolf may stalk along the rocks, and behold the moon; the storm may roar through his dreary and dread domain; but, unmoved by the din without, he will only enjoy more securely the calm within, and nestle closer to his young ones and his love!"

"It is he!—it is he!" exclaimed Julie,—"look where he comes, sailing proudly through the ocean of air! Lord of the desert land!—Jeweler of the lonely rock!—happy indeed must be your lot!"

"Look, Julie!—the young creatures already feel his approach: they are uneasy, they flap their bare wings, and open their mouths for the food he brings them. Does not he too feel that he is near them? he loves? and is not his heart stirred with sweet and tumultuous emotion, as he descends from afar his own eyrie in the cliff?"

"Ay, stirred," cried Julie,—"stirred to its inmost core; but with pride and joy, and a fierce consciousness of majesty and might!—Look, he is alone—alone in the boundless air! The earth is beneath his feet, with all its degrading ties of habit and necessity. He only thinks at this moment—if eagles think—that he is the sole inheritor of the space he surveys; and he only feels that he is the lord and sovereign of himself—a right loyal heritor!"—Antoine sighed. The moment was unpropitious for his suit; but this was her usual mood, and he could contain his passion no longer.

"Come," cried Julie, starting up, as he was beginning to speak—"children of the earth as we are, we must not abide the approach of the lord of air. Oh, if I had a bow and arrow. I would strike one blow for the love of honor before flying—if I thought it would not hurt him!"

"Julie," said Antoine, seizing her hand—"if we are children of the earth, why should we despise the instincts and affections that are the badge of our species? You shall not leave this spot till you hear me; for, if I do not speak, my heart will burst!"

"Speak on then," said Julie, calmly, "what is it to be about?"

"About—about?"—and the lover gasped,—"Julie, I wish to speak to you about—love."

"Love!" and she laughed till the rocks rang with the music.

"Laugh on!" cried Antoine,—"laugh on, but hear me. I have loved you, Julie, since I was a boy; I have thought of you by day, and dreamed of you by night; I have fled

from you in vain, for your image still pursued me; I have fought for gold, and won it, only to lay the spoil at your feet; I love you now, as I have loved you ever!"

"And of what do you complain?" asked the maid; "have I not always thought of you—the instant you came in sight? Have I not dreamed several times, when I had the nightmare, that you were a hound and I a hare? Have I not fled from you again and again,—and did not you pursue me, not merely in idea but in fact, breaking once your arm, and many times almost your neck, in the race? I have not fought for gold, indeed, to lay at your feet, but I have climbed for pheasants and thrown them at your head. In short, I love you now, just as I loved you ever. I love you as well, or almost as well, as I love that glorious bird, who looks as if he were about to swoop down upon us. Do try if you can hit him with a stone!" and the gay and heartless maiden sprang with another laugh down the cliff.

Even Julie was almost tired towards the close of the day; and she at length listened to the entreaties of Antoine, and consented to return and rejoin the party at the common rendezvous. They were now on a part of the range of mountains, where even the foot of the daring peasants seldom trod, owing to its difficulty of access. It was a tabular rock, at a considerable elevation above the others; and the sides of which, except at one particular point, were absolutely perpendicular for several hundred feet from the top, and so smooth as to present the appearance of the wall of a fortress.

At the point alluded to, a rude and grotesque-looking arch swept down from near the summit. It was apparently constructed of loose stones, resembling those which lay in huge irregular masses around the base of the tabular rock, and had no doubt been formed accidentally, in the fall of these fragments from the top, during some convulsion of nature. The arch was so narrow, and its surface so pointed and irregular, as to offer access to the rock only when climbed upon hands and knees; and when it is remembered that this precarious path, in some places nearly perpendicular, and on both sides presenting a frightful precipice, was at least six hundred feet long, it will readily be imagined that the idea either of ascending or descending, but particularly the latter, must have had something terrific even for the boldest imagination.

The feat had been performed on this and some former occasions by Julie and her lover, from simple daring, without any prospect of advantage; for here the curse of sterility was so complete, that even the eagles avoided the lonely rock. There was a dreary grandeur in the view from the summit which oppressed the heart. The region of cliff and precipice extended as far as the eye could reach. The only diversity in the scene was in the form of the craggy points which shot up their bald heads around; and in the angle of the abrupt and dizzy steep which hung threateningly over gulfs of darkness that were bottomless to the vision. A greyish brown color, with no variety except of shade, overspread the picture. The silence, after the ear had become accustomed to the ceaseless sighing of the wind, seemed strange and mysterious; and it was observed that no one rested long upon that isolated rock without feeling a kind of horror creeping through his blood.

Julie and Antoine gazed around them for some time without speaking; but at last the latter, although with some apparent effort to subdue his feelings, started up. The western sky had long been covered with thick masses of clouds, which prevented him from ascertaining the position of the sun; and now that he saw a dull round spot near the edge of the horizon, it was with surprise and some alarm, he discovered that the day was nearly at a close. The old man's prediction, however, respecting the weather, was evidently false; for, excepting in that particular point, the sky was as clear as it had been in the morning; and Antoine, aware of the exact distance they had to travel, and the time it would take, was certain of their being able to perform the journey long before nightfall.

Julie, before consenting to return, had lingered so long, that a slight suspicion crossed Antoine's mind, that, impressed by the strange feelings which weighed upon his own heart, she had some reluctance to descend the dangerous arch. But then, she walked so fearlessly along the edge of the precipice, and looked with so earnest an admiration upon the scene beyond, that the momentary idea fled. A sudden shadow, however, that at the moment fell upon the earth, as when a thick cloud crosses the midday sun, caused him to start and almost tremble. He remembered the old man's prediction; and he knew full well that a storm on these mountains was preceded by no greater warning than the flash which heralds the roar of the thunder.

"Come—come, Julie," he said quickly—"you are afraid of this tottering arch! Let us try who shall get first to the bottom." Julie turned round, and looked at him gravely.

"It is time," said she, "to return. The air is heavy and hot; there is a strange stillness among these cliffs, where the wind always sighs so loudly. If I were weather-wise, I would say, in spite of the blue sky above us, that a storm is about to burst." Antoine scarcely heard what she said, for he was gazing in her eyes; where he saw, or imagined he saw distinctly, the dark spot pointed out to him in the morning, in the midst of flashes of almost unnatural brightness. Impelled by a sudden feeling, which partook as much of pity as of devout admiration, he knelt before her, and seizing her hand pressed it to his lips; and then, without another word, threw himself upon the arch, and gained the firm ground in safety.

On looking up, instead of following, she was standing upon the edge of the precipice, gazing upon the thick black clouds, which, as it appeared, had covered almost instantaneously the sky above. At length, however, she put forth her foot to commence the descent, but withdrew it with a shriek, as a flash of lightning threw its sudden glare upon the rocks.—The thunder followed with scarcely the interval of a second; and its hollow roar, repeated by the thousand echoes of the cliffs, shook the air. Flash followed flash, peal rolled upon peal; the storm, as if awakened from its slumber, swept down upon the world like an armed man, to join the strife of nature; the air grew thick, and dark, and heavy; the fantastic ridges of the cliffs, now fading in the gloom, and now starting out in the red glare of the lightning, looked like the infernal geni of the place, called from their enchanted caves by some voice of power.

Antoine, as some mightier flash revealed the whole scene for a moment with the clearness of day, could still see his mistress standing upon the edge of the precipice. Her head was uncovered, and her arms extended towards heaven in an attitude of enthusiastic admiration; and as she stood there, tall and motionless, with her long hair, which had escaped from its confinement, floating upon the storm. Antoine could scarcely repress the idea that he beheld a creature of another world. In another moment the arch was struck with lightning, and its gigantic ruins rolled around him.

He knew not by what miracle he escaped being crushed into dust: for his thoughts, even at that terrible instant, were absorbed by the fate of Julie. Even before the commotion was over, which seemed to rock the earth, he flew to examine into the extent of the disaster; and for a moment he had some hope—for the form at least, however broken and distorted, of the arch remained. Soon, however, he discovered how illusory was the idea that she could descend alive; for that form was now nothing more than mockery. The gigantic wall, broken, shattered, and filled with gaping indentations, seemed to tremble as he leaned upon it; and when, in desperation, he attempted to ascend, the stones gave way beneath him, and he fell to the ground covered with bruises, which, for a time, deprived him of sensation.

When he recovered, although the thunder was silent, the storm still raged with unabated fury, and heavy rain drifted along the earth. It was almost dark, but he could still have seen the white garments of Julie against the sky, if she yet stood upon the precipice. Julie had disappeared. It was possible—and his blood seemed to chill as the idea struck him—that in madly attempting to descend, while he was insensible, she had fallen; and with trembling limbs he dragged himself to the base of the cliff, on either side of the arch, and searched for her body. He then repeatedly shouted out her name, but with as little effect; the sound, broken in the disturbed and watery atmosphere, was reverberated by echoes that seemed strange to his ear, and died sullenly away in the distance.

Julie, it was evident, was still on the rock, and had probably retired behind one of the loose stones with which the summit was covered, to avoid the rain, and endeavor to preserve her life against the cold. Was it likely that this attempt would be successful? Antoine dared not say yes; but he would have died before saying no. Even his blood, owing to the time in which he had remained in inaction, although in so comparatively sheltered a situation, had begun to stagnate. What, then, must be the condition of Julie, exposed during the entire night on the loftiest cliff of the mountains, thinly clad, and with no other shelter from the piercing storm and the beating rain than a wet, cold stone?

Antoine, from his perfect remembrance of the localities, might still have reached the bottom of the mountain before midnight, although this indeed at a risk only preferable to passing the cold dark hours in the open air. The idea, however, never once occurred to him. As soon as he had fairly satisfied himself, as well as reasoning on probabilities and circumstances could do it, that Julie was still on the rock, he groped about for a fissure on the leeward side of a precipice, capable of admitting his body, and creeping in, coiled himself up in the man-

ner which he thought best adapted to economize the natural warmth of his body, resolving to remain there till day break. The light of morning, he thought, would enable him to ascertain the fate of his mistress; and whether he should find her alive or dead, he would attempt, by building up the arch cautiously at every step he proceeded, to scale the ridge.

During the dreary hours which he spent in this situation, the only sound that met his ear was the melancholy wail of the storm. He watched with involuntary interest the voice of desolation, as it swung among the rocks, modulated by the circumstances of its passage, and died moaning away. Each new gust that followed, rising with a sudden swell as the preceding one passed by, attracted the same attention in its turn. The bitterness of his feelings at length was worn away by the slumberous monotony of the sound; the pain of his cramped limbs was, at the same time, deadened by excess of cold; and soon his wearied senses found an involuntary refuge from the horrors that surrounded them in sleep.

His sleep, however, though deep, was not tranquil. His mind never wholly forgot the circumstances of his situation, although the senses that had taken cognizance of them were steeped in oblivion. The confused consciousness of his misery at length arranged itself into form, and the sleeper dreamed.

He imagined that the same old man who had warned him in the morning now stood by his side, and beckoned him to rise and follow. He obeyed the sign, and saw before him, with all the distinctness of reality, the broken and tottering arch. Julie stood upon it, unappalled by the danger; and her long hair, which hung like a mantle around her, unmoved by the storm. Her face was paler than the moon; her eyes glittered like stars; and her white raiment seemed as delicate and unsubstantial as the fleecy clouds of the sky. Antoine stretched out his arms to receive his mistress, who glided triumphantly down the arch. But suddenly a chilling sensation crept over his heart. His knees knocked against each other; his hair rose upon his head; his whole frame trembled; for he saw that the being before him was not a denizen of earth. He stepped backwards in the agony of his fear; and the things and persons of his dream were shattered in pieces as if by the movement. The arch crumbled into fragments; the spirit melted from his sight; and amid screams of terror, groans of anguish, and shouts of hellish laughter, he awoke.

He did not at once remember where he was, or what had befallen him. The profound stillness which reigned around was singularly in contrast with the deafening tumult of his dream, that he imagined for a moment all things else that had been presented to his slumbering senses to be equally illusory.—The storm had died away; there was not a breath or whisper on the desert mountain; and he could see the rocks before him bathed in moonlight.

He arose from his savage lair. The moon stood glorious and alone in the heavens; and the tall shadows of the mountain peaks lay along the earth as distinct, and apparently as substantial, as the cliffs themselves. The fortress-rock, whose uneven edges at the distant summit had all the appearance of ramparts painted on the bright sky, stood before him, vast and solemn in its desert grandeur, looking like some war-tower of the primeval world, which by its own strength and solidity had defied the revolutions of nature. The form of the mighty arch which swept down from its brow, was still, as before, almost entire, but its ruin, rendered more visible by the moonlight, seemed so complete, that Antoine gave up the idea, as wild and impracticable, of reaching the top by its means, without the assistance of the whole village; and with bitterness of heart he determined to wait no longer, but to hasten homewards and give the alarm.

He had no sooner formed this resolution, than, on raising his eyes to bid a hasty adieu to the place where his unfortunate Julie lay—by this time, perhaps, insensible alike to heat and cold—he saw standing on the brink of the precipice, between him and the moon, the resemblance of her figure. His heart quaked at the sight. Her redundant hair hung motionless around her like a mantle of cloud, and her face shone with a pale and faded lustre, like that of the moon in the dawn.

She put her foot over the precipice, as if to step upon the arch; and a wild cry of warning and alarm burst from the lips of the lover. Heedless of the sound, she stepped upon the arch, and walked calmly and majestically along its surface, while the stones crumbled beneath her feet, and fragment after fragment rushed roaring into the abyss below. At length the whole of that part which remained between her and the rock gave way; the sound of its fall was like the explosion of artillery, and the startled echoes of the mountain joined the thunderburst from her remotest caves.

The shape paused for a moment on the broken arch; and Antoine saw that it was the

same appearance which had startled him in his sleep—the dream-girl,—that stood before him. She recommenced her descent, skimming so lightly over the tottering stones that their fall seemed the effect of some mysterious influence unconnected with the force of her foot. As she came nearer the amazed spectator, whose blood began to thicken in his veins, he saw that the journey, so fearful and so fatal to any thing of mortal life, was undirected by her starry eyes, which were fixed as if upon some object in the distance.

She stepped upon the ground before him. His blood curdled; his hair rose up; a cold sweat broke over his forehead, and he staggered aside out of her path. The air felt chill as she passed by—her face was as the face of a corpse, and her bare hands, long, stiff, and whiter than snow, looked as if they had been made of pure and polished marble. She did not move her eyes when he withdrew; they seemed to have looked through his figure at some object afar off. She passed on her way, and, turning round a cliff, disappeared.

Crushed and amazed, Antoine gazed after the phantom. When it had vanished, he started from his trance, and looked wildly above and around. The blessed moon shone serene and bright in the heavens; the eternal rocks stood majestic and definite before him. It was not a dream—he was awake! Julie! Julie! He had shrunk from the form of his beloved!

He rushed after the shape. Its path was in the direct route homewards;—his dead Julie, he thought, was going to visit the spirits of her family in the churchyard—their silent village of graves! He turned the angle where she had vanished, and threaded with instinctive accuracy the mazes of the cliffs, till at length he saw suddenly the appearance before him. It was moving as before, gravely and glidingly along.

"Julie!" cried the lover, in a transport of passion and despair; the shape glided on. He rushed up to it—

"Julie! Julie!"—in vain! He ran before it—stood firm in the middle of the path, and opened his arms. It swerved not to the right nor to the left; its eyes were still fixed. Onward—onward it glided; nearer—nearer; and he clasped the frozen form to his bosom, and kissed its clay-cold lips.

The heart still beat! the breath of life was in the mouth! It was indeed Julie—she was alive!—she was asleep!

As soon as Antoine had convinced himself, and it was not immediately he did so, that the preservation of his mistress had been effected by one of those miracles sometimes performed by somnambulism, he led her carefully into a cleft in the rock, and stripping off his outer garments, covered her up as warmly as circumstances would permit. He then employed himself in chafing her hands and feet, till the friction, together with the warmth from the clothing, had restored sensibility to her limbs, and Julie awoke. It was long before she comprehended what had happened. She imagined that she was still on the summit of the fortress rock, and that the devoted Antoine, daring even the horrors and dangers of that terrific arch, had climbed to her assistance. The idea sent a glow of gratitude through her heart; but when she saw that he had almost stripped himself naked to shelter her from the cold with his garments, the sensation increased almost to suffocation, and was only relieved by a burst of tears.

When, cautiously and tenderly, he had described to her the miracle that had occurred, she insisted upon returning to the spot, to see with her own eyes the proofs of what it exceeded her imagination to comprehend. When the ruins of the arch met her view, and she beheld its shattered segment hanging high over the abyss, and was told that on that fearful point she had stood, her blood seemed to freeze again within her veins, and she clasped her lover in a convulsive embrace as if imploring him to save her from the horrors of her imagination. At the moment, the work of ruin was accomplished; the remains of the arch fell, with a roar like that of thunder; and Julie for the first time in her life fainted away.

When she recovered, and the image of death had, for the second time, awakened into life, it was the grey dawn of the morning. The effects of the moon were scarcely visible, and daylight was still so immature that it was dangerous to stir a single step in that region of cliff and precipice. Antoine was puzzled what to do, for Julie was still weak and unwell; and he was about to strip off his outer garments again, and cover her up with them in the cleft of a rock. At this moment, an unusual light appeared in the distance. Presently, it separated into numerous sparks, moving in eccentric courses at the base of the mountain; and soon after, some far and dim shouts were heard, which broke like the music of heaven upon his ear.

His suspense, however, was not speedily removed. The range of mountain was extensive and no one knew the precise route

which he and Julie had taken. Sometimes the lights vanished in the distance, and the shouts died away, notwithstanding his own efforts to make himself heard; but presently the sounds and sights of hope would return, and he clasped his mistress closer to his breast, and whispered words of peace and comfort in her ear.

At length they were discovered by their friends; and Julie, too unwell to walk, was placed in a litter formed of the outer garments of the men, and the procession set forth for the village. By the time they had gained the bottom of the mountain, it was full morning. The sun shone in strength and beauty; and the song of innumerable birds welcomed back into the green and living world the wanderers of the desert. The strength of Julie, whose principal ailments were cold and fatigue, returned, and she begged to be set down that she might join the march of the maidens. This, however, was opposed; and she was carried in triumph into the village, the women singing and dancing before her, and the young men waving their green boughs, and keeping time with their feet as they marched.

The whole village, young and old, were assembled under the oak-tree, waiting in alarm the return of the hunters. Mothers ran to embrace their children, and sisters their brothers and sisters, and wives placed in the arms of their husbands the young infants, who, they wept with joy to think, were not orphans. Antoine and Julie, however, were the hero and heroine of the hour. They were placed in the midst of the group while breakfast was preparing, and compelled to relate over and over again their wonderful tale.

It was observed that a singular change had taken place in the appearance of Julie. Her eyes were less dazzlingly bright, but still more lovely; and her voice less wild and high, but still more musical. The men looked upon her beauty with delight unexpressed by the fear of scorn, and the women circled round her in wonder and admiration.

"You are prettier than ever, Julie!" cried her companions. "What magical secret is this that you have learned upon the midnight mountain? Tell us, we pray you!" Julie blushed, as she saw that Antoine was gazing in her face; but she cast down her eyes, and answered softly, "That it is NOT GOOD FOR WOMAN TO BE ALONE!"

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, MAY 28, 1831.

GAINSBOROUGH.

The following anecdotes are taken from Cunningham's Lives of Eminent Painters, lately published by the Harpers. We find the work, as far as we have perused it, of the most interesting description.

Thomas Gainsborough, who was afterwards so distinguished in painting, discovered an early disposition to the art. At ten years old he had made some progress in sketching, and at twelve was a confirmed painter. The sketches which he made were concealed for a time—the secret however could no longer be kept. He had ventured to request a holiday, which was refused, and the audacious boy imposed his own penmanship on the master for the usual written request of his father—"Give Tom a holiday." The trick was found out; his father looked upon the simulated paper with fear, and muttered, "The boy will come to be hanged!" But when he was informed that those stolen hours were bestowed upon the pencil, and some of Tom's sketches were shown to him, his brow cleared up, and he exclaimed, "The boy will be a genius!" Other stories of his early works are not wanting. On one occasion he was concealed among some bushes in his father's garden, making a sketch of an old fantastic tree, when he observed a man looking most wistfully over the wall at some pears, which were hanging ripe and tempting. The slanting light of the sun happened to throw the eager face into a highly picturesque mixture of light and shade, and Tom immediately sketched his likeness, much to the poor man's consternation afterward, and much to the amusement of his father, when he taxed the peasant with the intention of plundering his garden, and showed him how he looked. Gainsborough long afterward made a finished painting of this Sudbury rustic—a work much admired among artists—under the name of Tom Peartree's portrait.

Gainsborough was exceedingly fond of music; perhaps he might, in the words of an amusing drama, be termed, "music-mad." He recollected to have heard of a German professor, and ascending to his garret found him dining on roasted apples, and smoking his pipe with his theorbo beside him. "I am come to buy your lute—

name your price, and here's your money." "I cannot sell my lute." "No, not for a guinea or two—but you must sell it, I tell you." "My lute is worth much money—it is worth ten guineas." "Ay! that it is—see, here's the money." So saying he took up the instrument, laid down the price, went half way down stairs, and returned. "I have done but half my errand; what is your lute worth if I have not your book?" "What book, Master Gainsborough?" "Why, the book of airs you have composed for the lute." "Ah, Sir, I can never part with my book!" "Poh! you can make another at any time—this is the book I mean—there's ten guineas for it—so once more good day." He went down a few steps, and returned again. "What use is your book to me if I don't understand it? and your lute, you may take it again if you won't teach me to play on it. Come home with me, and give me the first lesson." "I will come to-morrow." "You must come now." "I must dress myself." "For what? You are the best figure I have seen to-day." "I must shave, sir." "I honor your beard!" "I must however put on my wig." "Damn your wig! your cap and beard become you! Do you think if Vandyke was to paint you, he'd let you be shaved?" In this manner he frittered away his musical talents, and though possessed of ear, taste, and genius, he never had application enough to learn his notes.

Gainsborough had an acquaintance at Bath, by the name of Wiltshire, a public carrier, a kind and worthy man, who admired the works of the painter. In one of his landscapes he wished to introduce a horse, and as the carrier had a very handsome one, he requested the loan of it for a day or two, and named his purpose; his generous neighbor bridled it and saddled it and sent it as a present. The painter was not to be outdone in acts of generosity; he painted the wagon and horses of his friend, put his whole family and himself into it, and sent it well framed to Wiltshire, with his kind respects. It is considered a very capital performance.

A certain lord came to sit for his portrait, and that all might be worthy of his station, he had put on a new suit of clothes, richly laced, with a well powdered wig. Down he sat, and put on a practised look of such importance and prettiness, that the artist, who was no flatterer either with tongue or pencil, began to laugh, and was heard to mutter, "This will never do!" The patient having composed himself, in conformity with his station, said, "Now, Sir, I beg you will not overlook the dimple on my chin!" "Confound the dimple on your chin," said Gainsborough—"I shall neither paint the one nor the other." And he laid down his brushes, and refused to resume them.

Of Garrick and Foote, who came for their likenesses, he said, "Rot them for a couple of rogues, they have every body's faces but their own."

Gainsborough was affected with unequal spirits, and driven by wayward impulses, which he could neither repress nor command. He was remarkable for his wit and pleasantry; but one day dining with Sir George Beaumont and Sheridan, a cloud had descended upon his spirit—he sat silent, with a look of fixed melancholy which no efforts could dissipate. At length he took Sheridan by the hand, led him out of the room, and said, "Now don't laugh, but listen. I shall die soon—I know it—I feel it—I have less time to live than my looks infer—but for this I care not. What oppresses my mind is this—I have many acquaintances and few friends; and as I wish to have one worthy man to accompany me to the grave, I am desirous of bespeaking you—will you come—ay or no?" Sheridan could scarcely repress a smile, as he made the required promise; the looks of Gainsborough cleared up like the sunshine of one of his own landscapes; throughout the rest of the evening his wit flowed, and his humor run over, and the minutes, like those of the poet, winged their way with pleasure.

About a year afterwards he went to hear the impeachment of Warren Hastings, and sitting with his back to an open window, suddenly felt something inconceivably cold touch his neck above the shirt collar. It was accompanied with stiffness and pain. On returning home he mentioned what he felt to his wife and niece; and on looking they saw a mark, about the size of a shilling, which was harder to the touch than the surrounding skin, and which he said still felt cold. The application of flannel did not remove it, and the artist, becoming alarmed, consulted one after another the most eminent surgeons of London—John Hunter himself the last. They all declared there was no danger; but there was a presentiment upon Gainsborough, which happened to be well-founded. He laid his hand repeatedly on his neck, and said to his sister, who had hastened

to London to see him, "If this be a cancer I am a dead man." And a cancer it proved to be. When this cruel disease fairly discovered itself, it was found to be inextricably interwoven with the threads of life, and he prepared himself for death, with cheerfulness and perfect composure. He desired to be buried near his friend Kirby in Kew church yard; and that his name only should be cut on his grave stone. He sent for Reynolds, with whom he had previously been at variance, and peace was made between them. Gainsborough exclaimed to Sir Joshua, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company," and immediately expired—August 2d, 1788, in the sixty-first year of his age. Sheridan and Reynolds attended him to the grave.

BUYING A PRIZE.

There's many a slip between the cup and lips.

OLD SAYING.

A fellow not much acquainted with the tricks of Dame Fortune, came into a lottery office in Broadway a few days since, and wished to purchase the highest prize, which was exhibited before the door in glaring figures, "\$30,000!" He was asked a he would have a half ticket or a whole one.

"A whole one, to be sure," said Hodge, "there's no use in plaguing one's self with half a prize; give us the whole or none—twenty thousand dollars say I."

He paid the cash, took his ticket and went away. During the interval between the purchase and the drawing, his head ran continually on the twenty thousand dollars. He could not sleep o' nights, or if he slept, it was only to dream of money—of gold and silver by the bushel, or bank-bills by the acre—and to talk in his sleep of the wealth he was about to possess. His reveries—his day-dreams as well as his sleeping ones—were of riches. He speculated on the pleasures he would enjoy—on the figure he would cut in the world. He laid various plans of employing and enjoying his wealth. He would purchase houses, horses, carriages; he would live in fine style; he would have servants to attend him; and above all, he would eat as much gingerbread and lick as much lasses as he had a mind to. He would also get him a handsome wife. The haughty Tabitha Tallboy, who had so long baffled his gallant endeavors, would no more turn up her nose at Mr. Hodge—the rich Mr. Hodge—Peter Hodge, Esquire. He would bring the proud hussy to terms, if he didn't he would eat a live ram-cat, that's all!

The drawing took place, and Hodge, after a sleepless night, called at the lottery office for his prize. Walking in with the gait and dignity of a man who comes to receive money and not to pay it, he laid his ticket on the counter and said—

"Now, Mister, I will take that little change, if it's convenient."

"Change!"

"Ay, that prize."

"But, sir, you've drawn a blank."

"I've drawn a blank! I wonder if I have? I tell you what it is, Mister, I hadn't nothing to do with the drawing—I didn't touch a finger to it. But I purchased a prize t'other day of twenty thousand dollars; and that's what I'm come after—so none of your fooling!"

"But I tell you sir, that your ticket has drawn a blank."

"Well, I don't care if it's drawn a blanket—that's no consarn of mine. All I want is the twenty thousand dollars that I bought and paid for, not a week ago."

"But consider, dear sir—"

"Consider! I tell you I wont consider—I'm none of your considerin chaps—I always go straight ahead—no quips and quirks for me—none of your ramfooling."

"I tell you, sir, you're mistaken."

"Mistaken! So I am deucedly mistaken—I thought you was an honest man. But you see there's no use in trifling with me—I'm a man after my own heart. I purchased the highest prize and I'll have it by the holy poker. I've got a cart here at the door. Here, you whipper-snapper, bring in that're large trunk."

"But I repeat, sir, that you have no money to receive; I am sorry to say it."

"So am I bloody sorry you should say it. But tell me, Mister, will you count out that're money, or not?"

"I cannot."

"Do you see this sledge-hammer?" raising his brawny fist.

"I see it."

"Do you calculate to pay it in gold, or silver, or bank bills?"

"Here is some strange mistake, sir; and if you will allow me to explain, I can convince you—"

"Very well—but if you don't convince me, you see this death-maul," again elevating his fist.

The lottery man entered into an explanation of the freaks of Dame Fortune, and at length succeeded in convincing his customer that his expected prize was actually a blank. Still the disappointment was so great, that he could not bear it with a calm mind, and he exclaimed—

"Well, if this doesn't beat all my great grandmother's relations, then there's no snakes—to pay the sum of ten dollars for the highest prize, and not get a cent at last!

"Such a thing will happen sometimes."

"It's jofired hard though, I'll be hanged if it aint. At least, Mister, you ought to circumfund the money."

"I can't afford that."

"Well, just pay the cartman, then."

"I'm sorry to say I can't do it; but if you'll purchase another ticket I think I can promise you better luck next time—the highest prize is thirty thousand dollars."

"Thirty thousand dogs' tails! don't tell me none of your pelayers—I've been cheated one't and that's enough for me—I'll never get caught a second time. Here, you cartman, you may load up this're trunk again. I'll never trust these lottery-sellers any more, if I do, hang my gizzard, that's all." Then giving the broker a look of irreconcilable hatred, he left the office. He, however pretty soon accommodated his mind again to his humble prospects—declared that houses, horses, and those sort of things were only a plague to a man—and as to Tabitha Tallboy, she might go to Old Nick for all him—he'd never think of her again as long as he lived—never.

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XIII.

ON SPINNING STREET-YARN.

"Sit still, my daughter."

This text very evidently points to that reprehensible practice, commonly denominated "spinning street-yarn." This operation is as opposite as one pole is from the other, to that of spinning wool, cotton, or flax. It does not help to clothe the naked, but rather to wear out the garments in which the spinner herself is arrayed. It is a useless operation; and though street-spinners cannot be called idle, but on the contrary are abundantly active, yet their activity serves no good purpose; and they had better, agreeably to the injunction in the text, *sit still*, than be constantly spinning to no useful end. But it is worse than useless—it is detrimental—it is troublesome. However, as I shall divide my discourse into several heads, I will not anticipate, but proceed in the order of the different parts.

In the first place, the spinning of street-yarn is of no use. The article itself is a worthless manufacture. Though the threads be spun ever so long and fine, they cannot be used in the weaving of cloth, the knitting of stockings, the sewing of garments, or for any profitable purpose. Nobody will purchase the produce of this labor because nobody wants it; and the most active street-spinner amongst us could not command a penny a day for her labor. It is of no benefit to herself; it is of no advantage to others.

In the second place, the spinning of street-yarn is ridiculous. Observe that lady, buzzing away at the rate of five knots an hour, and spinning many a *run** in the course of the day. Perhaps she may not be seen *reding*, for she may meet with some gentleman kind enough to take that off her hands. Nevertheless her spinning up and down the street is sufficiently an object of ridicule. Ostentatious industry, or zeal, even in a good cause, is apt to expose one to derision and contempt; and is seldom credited to any laudable purpose. A woman, who seizes upon her knitting when she hears a rap at the door, is not believed to be any more industrious than her neighbors; a man, who prays with his head out at the street window, is despised as a notorious hypocrite; and one who never gives alms without flourishing a trumpet, would find it difficult to persuade his neighbors that he is more charitable than the rest of mankind. Street-spinners render themselves ridiculous, because their chief object is to "be seen of men;" and those who are so desirous of attracting notice, as to spend a great part of their time in the streets, are sure to be laughed at and despised.

In the third place, the spinners of street-yarn are troublesome to their fellow-beings. They take a vast deal of labor in dressing—or in other words, in compressing, winding up, rouging, and otherwise fitting their graces for the public eye. A great deal of ill temper is usually expended in those preparatory operations; dressing maids are scolded; milliners and mantua-makers are reviled; mammas are afflicted and perplexed; and

* The word *run* is used in some parts of the country to signify a skein, or given quantity of yarn, composed of several knots, and reeled in one continuous thread.

papas are teased for money. All these domestic troubles arise from the desire of the street-spinner to "be seen of men" in all her killing charms.

But the trouble, which the spinners of street yarn give to their fellow-creatures, is not confined to their own household. Shopping is a branch of street-spinning, where the industrious young lady turns aside from the straight course of her thread into the fashionable shops by the way, inquires the price of goods, turns over every thing, purchases nothing, glances at clerks and whiskered loungers, and promises to call again the next day.

Street-spinners are apt also to be troublesome to their friends and acquaintance. They must call and draw out long threads of common-place chit-chat and scandal; talk when they have nothing worth saying; spy into the foibles of their friends; prove a perpetual vexation to their female acquaintance; and an endless annoyance to unmarried sons and brothers.

In the fourth place, the spinning of street-yarn is detrimental to its votaries. By employing their time, it prevents them from engaging in any important duty; it keeps them from study, and from every useful occupation; it is a bar to the improvement of their mind and the increase of their fortune; it begets a habit of dissipation; it is injurious to the head, by keeping it empty; it is detrimental to the heart, by rendering it frivolous and vain.

Thus it is injurious to the mind and habits of the spinner; thus her character suffers; and thus her matrimonial prospects are injured. So far from aiding her main design—that of obtaining a husband—it produces the contrary effect. What man will trust the votary of labors so frivolous and vain? They would but clothe his family in rags, and cover himself with wretchedness.

The lady, who seems too desirous of winning the attention of men, is not likely to attract their esteem. The character of an article is rendered cheap by being constantly hawked about, or exposed to the gaze of beholders; and a woman, who shows too great an anxiety to make a sudden market, is most likely to be left till the last, and finally cast away among the refuse of the stalls.

IMPROVEMENT.

My fair readers, if you believe in my text, which is taken from the Book of books; if you put any faith in my sermon, which is founded on that text; you will be convinced, that of all employments none are more unprofitable than that of spinning street-yarn—of going abroad when your duties require you to stay at home; of shopping when you have nothing to buy; of calling upon your acquaintance when you have nothing interesting to say; and of making yourselves cheap by an over anxious desire of being "seen of men." You had better sit still, in the literal sense of my text, than to wear out your shoes, trouble your neighbors, make yourselves ridiculous, and lessen your chance for a husband, by the SPINNING OF STREET-YARN.

DUELLING GROUND.

Among the crowds of persons, who cross to Hoboken in the summer season, a great many are strangers who have never seen the "Duelling Ground," and who feel an anxiety to visit the spot where Hamilton fell. That spot, however, is not as strangers generally suppose, at Hoboken, but in a secluded situation some three miles further up the Hudson, called Weehawken.

The Duelling ground is close to the bank of the river, and of very difficult access by land—the approach being down a steep, craggy hill, of almost perpendicular descent, and so absolutely dangerous, that a man, having any regard for his neck, would not go that way to be shot. The space is too small and too uneven for the combatants to make any great display—to march, wheel and flourish in martial style—and the duelists having taken their distance, merely turn on their heels and fire as the fatal word is given.

A little one side of this space, and out of the natural range of the shots, stands a tree, in which are shown sundry bullet holes, which bear witness either to the shaking hands or the relenting hearts—to the cowardice or the magnanimity, of some of the duelists; while the surrounding rocks are inscribed with the names and initials of many a visitor, who is content with a less dangerous immortality than is to be purchased with the use of cold lead. Those who go there to be shot, escape the dangers of the cliff, by landing directly on the spot from their boats.

Strangers, who feel a curiosity to see Hamilton's monument, are disappointed, for that is no longer there. It was removed, because it was believed to have a bad moral effect, by encouraging others to go and expose their lives on the spot where so distinguished a man had fallen. Instead of serving as a beacon to warn others away,

it would be taken as an excuse or justification for engaging in the same mad conflict—in fact as a sort of lure to duelling. Hence those, who never did a worthy action, who were incapable of imitating Hamilton in any one of his great or good qualities, would take a foolish pride in following his only bad example, and shedding their blood at the foot of his monument. The fame of that great man requires no memorial of stone—no inscription in marble; the hearts of his countrymen retain the impression of his deeds. But if a monument were necessary, the Duelling Ground was the last spot, which should have been thought of for its erection.

Many is the insult which has been washed out, forgiven, or forgotten, on that ground. There hot blood has been cooled, sometimes with lead and sometimes with apprehension. There youth has shown its madness, and there wisdom has sacrificed to folly; there genius has substituted the sword for the pen; there the lover has exposed his heart to a weapon more dangerous than Cupid's, and for once pleased his mistress, by consenting to be killed; there walking hourglasses have gone to have their sands hastened, or at least sadly shaken, by an exchange of shots; there cowards have trembled before each other like two aspen leaves; and there fools and madmen of all grades have gone to fight, because they had not courage to let it alone. What a pity that the name of Hamilton should be found in such connexion!

HISTORY OF CHIVALRY. Just published, the XX. number of Harpers' Family Library, consisting of the "History of Chivalry; by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. Author of Richelieu, Darnley, &c. The execution of this work, as far as it depends on the publishers, is like the rest of the Family Library, elegant. Of the literary execution, not having had time to peruse a chapter, we can say nothing. The subject, however, is one of no little interest; and those, who have read Richelieu and Darnley, will be prepared to think favorably of any production from the same pen.

It is one of the recommendations of the Family Library, that it embraces a large circle of interesting matter, of important information and agreeable entertainment, in a concise manner and a cheap form. It is eminently calculated for a popular series—published at a price so low, that persons of the most moderate income may purchase it—combining a matter and a style that the most ordinary mind may comprehend it, at the same time that it is calculated to raise the moral and intellectual character of the people.

P. S. The above notice was prepared for the press last week, but by some mistake or other escaped insertion.

PARK THEATRE. Little Burke has returned from the South, and is playing at the Park every other evening; while on the alternate evenings Cinderella is repeated, to full and admiring houses. This piece has been played between thirty and forty nights, and continues to be the delight of all the admirers of opera.

CHATHAM THEATRE. Mr. Finn is fulfilling an engagement at the Chatham, and drawing good houses. He has great versatility of talent—playing a very large round of comic characters, and sometimes appearing in tragedy. His countenance is exceedingly manageable, and capable of nearly all sorts of expression. For a laughable, comic face he can scarcely be exceeded. But in playing a great round of comic characters, it is not to be expected that a good actor will succeed equally in all; and we think Finn somewhat inferior to Hilson in Paul Pry, and far below Barnes in Paul Shack. His personation of old Philip, in the petit comedy of "102," was admirable; and on attending to his looks, his motions and his voice, one could hardly persuade himself that he was not actually more than a century old. He has a peculiar laugh, which will set the whole audience in a roar; and his ability for original punning, makes him an excellent Billy Black. In the character of Mawworm we hardly know to which we should give the preference, him or Barnes; their style is different, but both admirable in its way.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC SCULPTOR. Roubillac, the Sculptor, was born and educated in France, but exercised his art chiefly in England. "If he happened," says his biographer, "to be in company with a lady whose hands were beautiful, or whose ears were small and finely shaped, he would gaze wistfully at her, and has been known to startle sensitive spinters with apprehensions of matrimony, seizing them suddenly by the wrist, and crying rapturously—"Madame, I must have your hand—madame, I shall have your ear!"

LIBRARY OF SELECT NOVELS. The Messrs. Harpers have commenced publishing a new series of works, under the general title of "Library of Select Novels." The I. and II. Numbers of this Series, consist of Cyril Thornton, in 2 volumes.—The III. and IV. are to contain The Dutchman's Fireside, a Tale by J. K. Paulding.

The Library of Select Novels is to embrace none but such as have received the impress of general approbation, or have been written by authors of established characters; and the publishers intend to produce a series of works of uniform appearance, and including most of the really valuable novels and romances that have been or shall be issued from the modern English and American press. The present numbers are neatly printed on good paper, and bound much in the style of the Family Library.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

ENGLAND. The Reform Bill has been rejected in the House of Commons by a majority of eight; when the Ministers tendered their resignations.—The King refused to accept them, and immediately prorogued the Parliament, with a view to its dissolution. This measure of his Majesty had given great uneasiness to the borough-mongers, but great satisfaction to the people.

POLAND. The Poles have gained a succession of splendid victories over the Russians, in one of which they are said to have killed and taken prisoners, 25,000.

NEWBURYPORT ADVERTISER. A semi-weekly paper, by this title, has been commenced at Newburyport, Mass. by Mr. Joseph H. Buckingham; who is favorably known as an editor, having been formerly engaged in the Morning Herald of this city, and afterwards in the Utica Intelligencer. The politics of the new paper are National Republican.

HIGH PRIZE. We understand that dispenser of great luck, SYLVESTER, sold the 25,000 dollar prize in a whole ticket in the last lottery.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

JUGGLING.

In a little village up country, lived one Nat Davis, better known by the appellation of "Jumping Nat," for he often declared he could "out-jump, out-hop, out-run, out-~~wrestle~~, and out-crack-a-whip any man in the District, and lick the best feller within ten miles square." Nat was one morning sunning himself in front of the "Village Hotel," and as usual, soon attracted a comfortable audience, eager in the hope that he would amuse them with a sample of slight-of-hand tricks, sometimes called the Black art, in which business he was more celebrated about his little neighborhood than ever was the renowned Bagdad Magician. "Now," says Nat, "I'll bet a silver dollar that I can blow this sixpence (exhibiting it to the bystanders) into Sam Jones' boot, clean over 'tother side of the road." "Well I'll bet you," exclaimed a Jonny Raw, and the money was immediately "put up." Nat commenced operations by sundry distortions of the face, and crossings of the forehead, and giving a hearty blow with his month, signified that the work was accomplished.—"Halloo Sam," said Nat, "here Sam, Jones just come over here, will you."—Sam apparently hesitated to wade through the mud, for his particular accommodation, but finally started, and when arrived, was asked by Nat "if he would just pull his left boot off."—"Pull off my boot," says Sam, "I rather guess I shant do that, by gosh, for any body." But the reason for so strange a request having been explained by the company, Sam consented, and to the utter consternation of the astonished group, the sixpence was found in the bottom of the boot. Nat now pocketed the dollar, but as Sam went snacking in the affair, he of course was entitled to half the proceeds, as the sixpence had been placed in his boot a short time before, and the whole matter arranged between them.

After an exulting grin, says Nat "why that are is now just nothing at all for me—if any on you is a mind to bet me two dollars that I cant *melt lead in my mouth* let them come on and I'll plank the pewter." For a moment a stillness ensued, and all eyes were gazing at Nat, when he inquired "where that darned spunky feller was that bet afore?" he concluding that "a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush," had backed out, but the crowd by this time was much enlarged, and directly a six footer walked up and covered the two dollars.

This was rare sport for the company. Every thing having been prepared for the curious feat, Nat took from his trousers pocket a handful of small shot, under which he had dexterously placed a little bunch of lead, about the size of a pistol ball, in rather an oblique shape, and the whole mass he put in his mouth, commencing with the necessary grimaces of the countenance, &c. In a moment he opened his mouth and out dropped the little piece of lead, apparently just melted, he having swallowed the shot. The assembly were amazed, and the credulous and incredulous, with eyes staring like saucers, were wondering how the deuce he did it.—A part of them concluded he must be leagued with old Nick himself, and all agreed he must be at least a trifle related.—Nat could hold on no longer, but burst out into an immoderate roar of laughter, and offered to bet \$10 that he could swallow a grindstone without choking, but none would bet, and Nat strided into the bar room, called loudly for a Gin Cock tail, and cracking his whip to the tune of Yankee Doodle, bid them good day.

Schuyler's Lottery Moral.

From the *New England Galaxy*.

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DOG.

The Story below is by Capt. Basil Hall, and is taken from a new work in 3 vols., just published, entitled "Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life: chiefly for the use of young persons."

"During the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource, both of the idle and the busy, amongst all classes of the *Leander's* officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning amusement, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age; and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth! In the meantime, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship at Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away amongst the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his majesty's musket bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were of course better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers; while the 'middies,' also not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own—they recked very little of what breed; but some sort of animal they said they must have. I forget how we procured the strange-looking beast whose services we contrived to engage; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as any thing could possibly be. His color was a dirty, reddish yellow; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down, quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old, white-headed negroes, and other amusements suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers. People will differ as to the merits of dogs; but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of ours over all others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him *Shakings*. Now, it must be explained, that 'shakings' is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards—in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed upon our beautiful favorite in consequence of his color not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp; while the resemblance was increased by many a dab of pitch, which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck, in the hot weather. If old *Shakings* was no great beauty, he was, at least, the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. *Shakings* lost no time in applying to them for news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor *Shakings* all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters; they could not bear to see 'such an abominable cur,' as they called our favorite, 'at once so curiously dirty and so utterly useless, mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals!'"

[The Captain then proceeds at length to state how—from first kicking and driving away the midshipmen's dog, the officers, on a repetition of his familiarities, ordered him to be sent ashore, to the great indignation of the young gentlemen, who had well nigh mutinied on the occasion—how, by one means or other, he was re-placed on board—and thus proceeds to relate the consequences of his third return from banishment:]

"We had a grand jollification on the night of *Shakings's* restoration; and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed dis-

tingly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out; and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks. Next day, to our surprise and horror, old *Shakings* was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the marines who had been sentries during the night on the fore-castle, gangways, and poop; but all in vain!—no trace of *Shakings* could be found. At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us, that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means, and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of the midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expression of our thoughts. This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners, and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of *Daddy*; and certainly he was like a father to those amongst us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life to take to it cordially."

[The author then goes on into a strain of remark on the characteristics of the individual mentioned, and "whose early history could never be found out"—but in fact the youngsters never inquired too closely into the matter, being contented with his protection against the "oldsters"—which he concludes as follows:]

"It will easily be supposed, that our kind *Daddy* took more than usual interest in this affair of *Shakings*, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and, for some days, he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all. 'There can be no harm, however,' he continued, in his dry and slightly-sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin—'there can be no harm my boys in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend *Shakings*; for, whatever is come of him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.'—This hint was no sooner given than a cry was made for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked, to procure badges of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bunch of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best-natured, and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that as we had now had our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks. Off we scampered, to consult old *Daddy* what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs. 'Put the pigs in mourning,' he said. All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men, whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and, tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief.—The row which ensued in the pigsty was prodigious—for, in those days, hogs were allowed a place on board of a man-of-war—a custom most wisely abolished of late years, since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not interrupt our noisy labor till every one of the grunters had his armlet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the main-deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing

along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of *Shakings*. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew; for, although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or devilry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommelling their enemies. The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter deck, we were ranged in a line, each with his toes to the edge of a plank, according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called 'toe-the-line matches.' We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, highly offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavoring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such at least is the fair inference from these two experiments—the only ones perhaps on record—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had effected in less than an hour, to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning. All this was very creditable to the memory of poor *Shakings*; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning, was discovered. Two of the mids were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black bunting to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black. As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some on the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman being perched at the job-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old *Daddy* remarked to us, with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell."

[The same *filius Achates* managed in the evening to extract from the butcher that he had thrown the dog overboard along with a 24 lb. shot. We omit the particulars.]

"Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast in the ward room, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out, with a paper in his hand. 'Here,' he exclaimed, 'is a copy of verses which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about;—but you shall judge.' So he read the two following stanzas of doggerel:—

When the Northern Confederacy threatened our shores,
And roused Albion's lion, reclining to sleep,
Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
Not so much as a rope yarn was launched in the deep.
But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
And all active service as light as a feather—
The stores may be —, and humanity too,
For *Shakings* and shot are thrown overboard together.

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cock-pit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good *Daddy* who was equal to such a flight. About midnight, an urelin—who shall be nameless—was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's port, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin. The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by; but hungry people are seldom judicious—so they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him, 'Pray, sir, are you the author of these lines?'—'I am, sir,' he replied, after a little consideration. 'Then, all I can say is,' remarked the captain, 'they are clever enough, in their way—but take my advice, and write no more such verses.' So the affair ended."

From the *Illustrated Monthly Magazine*.

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

"Catch our manners, living as they rise."

In the year 1810, business called me into the lower part of the state of Kentucky—that part which lies south of Green river, and which, at that time, was but little advanced in improvement or population. One day—and a very hot day it was—the rapid approach of a thunder storm induced me to rein up my steed at a log tavern, in the town of ——. Though a stranger in the country, I could at once discover, by the "signs," that something more than common was going on in the village. A large number of people were crowded round the door of the inn. Horses, of all sizes, colors and conditions, whose equipments were as various as themselves, were tied to the branches of the forest trees that still grew upon the public square. The occasional discharge of a rifle indicated that some of the company were "cutting the centre," for half pints; while others, who had "the best quarter nags in all Kentucky," were prancing them up and down the streets. The conversation of those around me induced me to believe that the court was holding its usual session, in this seat of backwoods justice, and had a doubt remained, the stentorian voice of the sheriff, issuing from the door of a log school-house, with the usual "Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes!" must have satisfied me that a general settlement of the rights of *meum* and *tuum*, was about to take place. I felt a curiosity to witness this scene; and having disposed of my portion of corn bread and bacon, which I found at a table surrounded by a promiscuous throng of jurors, witnesses, suitors, lawyers, inditees, spectators and county officers, I concluded to spend the little time I had to remain, in personally viewing the dispensation of justice in so rude a temple.

The house was of a single story, built of logs, unbewed. The judge was elevated on a small plank frame, a little raised upon the puncheon floor. The clerk was placed at a small table directly before him. The members of the bar were seated around on temporary benches, made of rough planks, placed upon blocks of wood—but could not be distinguished, by their appearance, from the people who sat with, or stood around, them. The usual forms and ceremonies of opening a court were gone through with a celerity and precision that would have astonished a Westminster lawyer. * * * * The first case on the civil docket was an action of slander, brought by a father, —an old soldier and early settler—us "guardian and next friend," for words falsely and maliciously uttered, published and spoken by the defendant, "of and concerning the plaintiff's daughter, a lovely girl of about seventeen. On the calling of the cause, a person's name was mentioned which I did not distinctly hear; there was a bustle in the crowd; and after a few minutes of pushing and elbowing, an individual appeared who announced that he was ready to proceed as counsel for the plaintiff. He was a tall, athletic man, of about thirty-five years of age—with a fine, manly, intelligent countenance—dressed in a hunting shirt of deep blue, trimmed with yellow fringe. His face bore those indelible marks of genius, and those traces of study and reflection, which cannot be mistaken; while his fine form bore evidence equally strong, of habitual fatigue and exposure to the elements.

I pass over the incidents of the trial—the evidence which fully sustained the plaintiff, and left the pretty effigy of the buckskin lawyer, pure and spotless as the driven snow—and several speeches, which, though strong and forcible, did not strike me as extraordinary. During all this, the manner of the stranger in the hunting shirt was distinguished by little else than an appearance of indifference; but when he arose to make a concluding address to the jury, every eye was fixed on him—while the deep silence, the suppressed breathing, and the eager looks of the audience attested that a sense of the presence of a superior mind pervaded the whole assembly. Even that rough and miscellaneous crowd composed of men, some sober, some half sober, and some not sober at all—was at once awed into silence. The orator commenced in a low tone of voice and recapitulated the evidence, in a style of colloquial brevity and plainness—yet, even in doing this, there was a something about him that convinced the spectator that he was more than an ordinary man. But when he began to warm and rise with his subject—when the fire began to illumine his eye, and his voice swelled out into its fullest tones—when every sentence was filled and rounded with rich thought and richer language—when argument and satire, persuasion and invective, burst from him in rapid alternative, the orator stood confessed in all his powers. He spoke of the beauty, the delicacy, and the amiability of his fair client—of the helplessness of woman, and the sacredness of female character—he described her parent as an aged warrior, now trembling on the brink of the grave—and of the traducer he spoke—I cannot tell how—but all who heard him shrunk and trembled, under the fierce, bitter, and overwhelming philippic of

the indignant advocate. When he finished the success of his effort was shown by a triumphant verdict from the jury, and by the indignation, the tears, and the acclamations of the audience, who rushed from the house, when the orator sat down, as if unable to suppress their feelings.

I followed them out. The charm was broken; the people had resumed the use of their own faculties, and were now collected in groups. Passing a little party I heard one say:

"Did you ever hear a fellow get such a skinning?"

"It was equal to any *campfire*," remarked another.

"That's true; and well he deserved it," added a third, "there's no two ways about it."

"Can you tell me," said I, addressing one of them, who leaned on his gun, while he wiped his eye with the fringe of his hunting shirt, "can you tell me the name of the gentleman who has just spoken?"

"You are not a resident in these parts, I reckon," said he of the rifle.

"I am a perfect stranger," replied I.

"That is well seen," rejoined the hunter, "otherwise you would never have asked that question. What man in all Kentucky could ever have *brung* tears into my eyes by the *in-fall*, but Jo Davies?"

I had seen, in the guise of a hunter, the highly gifted Joseph Hamilton Davies—and had heard, in the obscurity of a log cabin, one of the choicest efforts of a man who has seldom been excelled in genius, in generosity of heart, or manliness of character.

Ten years afterwards, business again called me to the West. Anxious to view the improvement of this promising country, I extended my journey to the beautiful valley of the Wabash. At that period, the population had not extended a great distance up the river. Here and there, even as far up as the mouth of the Mississippi, was seen the log hut of the settler on public land, but the country generally but sparsely populated. It was the spring season; and no country in the world presents a richer scenery, or more diversified landscape than the valley of that lovely river, at this period of the year. Along the path which I pursued, one small prairie, skirted with the finest timber, and covered with a profusion of beautiful flowers, succeeded another; and the eye was continually refreshed with the graceful stream and its clear waters. The richness of the grass, the beauty of the forest, the mildness and brilliancy of the spring weather, and the enchantment of the whole scene, induced me to linger for a time in the wilderness. One evening I reached the cabin of one of the most remote settlers, and learning that the battle ground of Tippecanoe was but a few miles distant, determined to visit it. On the following morning early, I reached the spot, consecrated by the valor of our countrymen; and having tied my horse to a bush, at the skirt of the prairie, ascended to a small plain of table land, in the form of a horse shoe, where

"Many a valorous deed was done,
And many a head laid low."

But few vestiges of the battle were remaining. Here and there, the bleached skull of some noble fellow lay in the grass; and more than once, I stumbled over the logs which had formed part of the temporary breast work, thrown up after the battle, and have since been scattered over the field. At an angle of the encampment, and where the carriage had been greatest, was a slight mound of earth, scarcely raised above the surrounding surface. Near it stood an oak tree, on the back of which the letters J. D. were rudely carved. This was the only memorial of one of the most favorite of Kentucky's sons; for under that mound reposed all that remained of the chivalrous, the generous, the eloquent, and highly gifted "Jo Davies."

THE MAN WITH THE MUSTACHIOS.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon in August that a horseman turned up to the inn which fronts the deep-seated meeting house of a small village in the interior of New England. As usual in the warm Saturday afternoons of Summer the male portion of the villagers were assembled at the tavern, some drinking punch like water, and others, the "regular old smokers," discussing the merits of pure "New England." Some were stretched out half-asleep, and if the truth must be told, half-intoxicated, under the shade of two venerable elms which overlooked the highway in front of the inn, and others were seated in the window seats of the bar-room gravely arguing upon matters spiritual and political.

But the unusual appearance of the stranger roused every one into the attitude of curiosity. He was mounted on an elegant horse, and, as he reined him up in a graceful manner before the door, every eye was turned upon him. He was somewhat tall—with a diminutive waist, which would have answered to the similitude of Falstaff—"an Eagle's talon"—and legs of most inordinate length, furnished with a close covering of light cloth—looking for all the world, like a couple of ox goads with eel skins drawn over them. His dark frock was finely contrasted with his light vest, and open bosom ornamented

with pearl studs and glittering safety chains. A broad stock of black silk elevated his chin to an angle of about forty five degrees, and supported a collar of linen, starched to the stiffness of sheet iron, and which protruded on each side of his chin like the horn of a Rhinoceros. Above, a huge pair of whiskers extended from ear to ear with the trifling exception of a square inch or two of his chin, over which the tonsorial implement had evidently recently passed. His upper lip was garnished by enormous mustachios, which bristled fiercely upward and covered a moiety of either cheek—His hat was most exquisitely small, cone-like, and pitched with admirable effect upon the left side of his head, while huge masses of hair, tumbled up carelessly at his temples, were left wholly uncovered.

The stranger dismounted and entered the inn without deigning a glance to the right or left—"He's a Spaniard or Portuguese," said one in a low whisper to his companions. "Look at his beard," said another. "Oh, what legs," said a third. One after another the loungers gave in their opinion, and none could agree as to the precise character of the walking phenomenon before them. An old sailor insisted that he was a Turkish Bashaw—while an itinerant preacher as strenuously affirmed that the being who had appeared "in such a questionable shape" was none other than the famous Lorenzo Dow.

The stranger had in the mean time reached the centre of the bar room. Elevating a glass to his eye he looked round for the first time upon the company. "Landlord," said he, "show me my room, and let me have supper immediately."

"Our supper is just ready," said the landlord, "will you take a seat with us?"

The man of mustache and whisker, took off his hat, ran his fingers through his hair, until it stood out as wildly as the locks of a Lapland wind-stealer. "Sir," said he, "I am a gentleman, and I choose to eat alone—demme if I don't." And he looked round on the company with the most sovereign contempt.

From this there was, of course, no appeal, and the man of whiskers was shown to his apartment, and supper was prepared agreeably to his directions. The waiting maid was none other than the fair daughter of the inn keeper—a girl in her seventeenth year, with a bright, black eye, and dark natural ringlets falling over her plump shoulders. The whiskered gentleman, as the bright Hebe seated herself at the table to wait upon his gastronomic operations stared at her for some time with the most provoking assurance. The girl blushed up to the dark shadow of her ringlets.

"Curse me," said the gentleman at length, "but you are a devilish handsome girl."

The fair waiter blushed yet deeper—and tried to smile away her confusion. Luckily for her, the substantial fare of the table at that moment caught the eye of her admirer, and completely occupied all his faculties for the next half hour.

The supper finished, the stranger arose, strutted to the glass—pinched up his dicky—and twisted his mustachios into a still fiercer erection.

"Ha—my pretty miss—" said he, as he flung his arm round the neck of the fair waiter, who in the performance of her household duties had chanced to approach him. "You're too handsome for a country girl." And he bent his whiskers to her face, and attempted a kiss.

The mustachios would unquestionably have suffered, had not the fair one's hands been filled with the emptied dishes of the supper-table. As it was, she bounced out of the room in high dudgeon; and our somewhat disconcerted hero, was left to his own reflections during the remainder of the evening.

The girl, as was undoubtedly her duty, immediately related the circumstances of the offence she had received at the hands of the whiskered traveller, to the keeper of her father's bar room, who had for some time been her acknowledged lover. She shouldn't have cared so much about it, she said, if the fellow had look and acted like a christian; but to have such a good for nothing heathen poking his beard in her face, was what she wouldn't bear, nor touch to—she knew she wouldn't. The swain forthwith resolved upon vengeance, and that very night was fixed for its execution.

It was midnight, and still in the inn, save that here and there the sonorous nose of some uneasy sleeper, "made the night hideous" with sonorous melody. The stranger in mustachios had fallen in a quiet sleep, with his pillow so adjusted as to prevent any collision with the hairy appendages of his countenance. He was roused into consciousness by the entrance of the stout bar-keeper and his pretty waiter of the preceding evening. He rubbed his eyes and raised himself half upright. The bar keeper placed a basin of warm water—a shaving-box and razor, and a huge pair of sheepshears upon the stand at the bedside.

"What do you want?"—demanded the whiskered gentleman, in a tone vacillating between resolution and terror.

"To shave you," was the laconic reply.

In vain the dandy remonstrated, swore, and wept by turns. The bar keeper was inexorable. Brandishing his naked razor he commanded him to be quiet, under the penalty of a clipped weasel. Exhausted by agitation and terror—our unfortunate hero sunk down upon his pillow, and suffered the brush to pass over his countenance without resistance. The girl with a grin of most exquisite satisfaction held the light, while her lover applied his dull and jagged razor to the hairy honors of the stranger. Whisker and mustache fell one after the other, all beautiful as they were, and dearly treasured as they had been. The wretched dandy, like the wounded Robespierre lay with his eyes closed, and silent, save when a dull groan or smothered curse told that the tonsorial instrument acted in the double capacity of clearing-knife and stump digger.

"Now for his hair, Jane," said the barber, and the formidable sheep-shears went clipping amid the curled and perfumed locks of our hero. In a few moments he was left whiskerless and hairless, an excellent candidate for a wig. "Good night to ye Mister!" said the barber, as he gathered up his apparatus and left the room—"The next time

you try to kiss a country girl you'll have a smooth face for it."

The next morning at breakfast, inquiries were made relative to the gentleman in whiskers—and the landlord on entering his room found it completely vacated. The hero had disappeared, leaving nothing save his hair behind. The hostler stated that just at daylight a wild-looking, bald-headed being came rushing into the stable, and demanded his horse. It was no sooner furnished than he threw himself into the saddle and plunged into the highway with the speed of life and death. The facts of the case soon appeared, and the melancholy mishap of the dandy with the mustachios, became a standing subject of merriment to the tenants and loungers of the inn.

N. E. W. Review.

CHIRAVARI.

This is a name given in the Canadas, to a kind of mock-serenade with which newly married people are entertained, when there has been any objection to the union, on account of disparity of age, rank, or other circumstance. Every thing that will produce harsh and discordant sounds, such as fish-bones, conch-shells, tin kettles, reeds, rattles, indeed any thing and every thing, the sound of which is capable of "making night hideous," is procured for the occasion, and the serenders, disguised in fantastic costumes, often to the number of many hundreds, and sometimes bearing in procession, an illuminated model of a coffin, made of paper, and ornamented with mottoes and quaint devices, proceed to the residence of the offending parties, and there, beneath the windows of the luckless bridegroom, pour out their anti-melodious congratulations. If he is disposed to receive them well, and "invite the nuisances in," he is suffered to escape further annoyance, at the expense of so much wine as his very obliging visitors can carry off, without stumbling. If, on the contrary, he is disposed to resist "high-handed and tyrannical measures" to extort the penalty of his offence, he may depend upon a succession of concerts, as regular and certain as night, until his patience is exhausted, and his persecutors obtain their object. Where the individual is wealthy, and has a reputation for niggardness, money is often demanded, and instances are known where sums exceeding \$500 have been extorted from avarice and given to charitable institutions.

It sometimes happens, that disgraceful and wanton acts, are done under the semblance of a mere frolic; windows have been broken in, doors forced, and furniture destroyed; individuals have been attacked and grossly abused; we have also heard of lives having been lost during the rage of the passions, excited by resistance and opposition. In Montreal and Quebec, it has been found necessary, on some such occasions, to call out the troops to suppress riots and protect property.

The Chiravari is not of so frequent occurrence as formerly, and we believe that there are now Legislative enactments for its suppression. It still, however continues to be practised occasionally, and we find in one of our exchange papers, an account of an outrage committed in Brockville, Upper Canada, by a collection of persons in disguise, who assembled in the streets with horns, bells, &c. and proceeded to the house of a Mr. Bill Flint, of the propriety of whose marriage they had constituted themselves judges, and after a preparatory flourish upon their discordant instruments, commenced pelting the house with stones, until they broke the windows, at which they then entered, destroyed many articles of valuable furniture, and committed other shameful excesses.

The rage for Chiravaries was so great at one time, that the young men kept disguises always at hand, and ready to put on at a moment's warning; so that it frequently happened that a small party of twenty or thirty, would in the course of half an hour after the first horn was blown, increase to a mob of three or four hundred. Upon one occasion, a gentleman of wealth had married, and his friends determined to extort a supper from him; they went to his house on five successive nights, and kept up the "noise" from midnight until morning. They were about giving it up, in despair of ever exhausting his patience, when upon a proposal from one of the party to make another attempt, the assent of all present was signified, and the next night was to witness their final exertions.

They assembled accordingly, but had hardly commenced the serenade, when the door opened and a servant with his master's compliments invited them in to supper. They were ushered to a large hall where a splendid entertainment was provided for them, with wines of the most costly quality. After they sat down, the person who had assumed the right of seating himself at the head of the table threw off his mask, and discovered to his astonished associates, the master of the house, and leader of the Chiravari.

Cheap Living. "You haint got no more cold victuals for me, is you?" said a beggar boy, whose basket was well charged with the fat of the land.

"I've given you enough already," replied the citizen, "what do you want with so much cold meat?"

"Oh! I don't want it myself, but my mammy keeps *boardin' house*, and she expects some visitors to dinner to day, so I thought as how you might help her out."

A Thundering Compliment. The Lynn Mirror concludes a commendatory paragraph in favor of Mr. S. Haynes Jenks who has been called to the editorial supervision of the New-York Evening Journal, with the following mutilated quotation; "*Quod teligit, non ornabit.*" These types! these types!

Boston Transcript.

As human nature is subject to many wants, the Almighty has ordained that we should live together, and that numbers, by helping each other, should procure those conveniences, which no man alone could obtain.

Behold, alas our days we spend:
How vain they be, how soon they end!

BEHOLD.

How short a span

Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man;

In those well tempered days his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten

ALAS

And what is that?

They come and slide and pass

Before my tongue can tell thee what,

The posts of time are swift, which having run

Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived task is done

OUR DAYS.

Begun we lead

To sleep, to antic plays

And toys until the first stage end;

12 waning moons, twice 5 times told we give

To unrecovered loss; we rather breathe than live.

WE SPEND.

A ten year's breath

Before we apprehend

What 'tis to live in fear of death;

Our childish dreams are filled with painted joys

Which please our sense awhile, and waking prove but toys.

HOW VAIN.

How wretched is

Poor man, that doth remain

A slave to such a state as this!

His days are short at longest; few at most;

They are but bad at best, yet lavished out, or lost.

THEY BE.

The secret springs

That make our minutes flee

On wings more swift, than eagle's wings!

Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath

Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.

HOW SOON.

Our new-born light

Attains to full aged noon!

And this, how soon to grey-hair'd night!

We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast.

Ere we can count our days, our days, they flee so fast.

THEY END.

When scarce begun,

And ere we apprehend

That we begin to live, our life is done.

Man, count thy days; and if they fly too fast

For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

Unpleasant affair. A case of a very novel character was brought before Alderman Binns on Thursday afternoon: the particulars of which, as far as we could learn them, are these. A little black boy, named Isaacs, had been employed on Thursday to sweep certain chimneys in the theatre; on his descent from one, a man, named Wilkins, who was rather intoxicated, undertook to frighten the little fellow; for which purpose he produced a *rope*, which he said was the one used to hang Porter. He exhibited an old *coffin*, and shook at the head some *skull-bones*, and committed other unbecoming fooleries, until the boy became so frightened, that he fell into violent fits. The master of the boy entered a complaint before Alderman Binns, who, after hearing the case, held the accused to bail. Yesterday morning, it was made known to the magistrate, that the boy was dead. Mr. Binns immediately issued a warrant, and committed Wilkins to prison. The Coroner's Jury, we understand, brought in a verdict upon the lad—"died suddenly by some cause not known." Wilkins will, probably, have a re-hearing to-day.

U. S. Gaz.

Let us have the best. A certain farmer, went to a clergyman and inquired of him, "why he did not preach so much *Latin* and *Greek* as the minister did who preached to them previous to him." Why, said he, "I thought I would make use of such language as I presumed you could understand, and I did not suppose that the farmers generally understood *Latin* and *Greek*." "Oh," said the farmer, "I pay for the best, and let us have it, give us as much *Latin* and *Greek* as you can spare."

Barnstable Patriot.

The love of knowledge is well illustrated in the following dialogue between a philosopher and pearl diver.

"Do you know," said a great philosopher to a pearl diver, "do you know why the pearl grows in the oyster?"

"No," answered the diver, whereupon the other turned up his nose at him.

"Can you dive to the bottom in twenty fathoms and bring up these pearls," said the diver to the philosopher.

"Not I," answered the other contemptuously.

"What an old fool is this fellow," thought the diver to himself, to be studying how pearls grow instead of learning how to catch them.

Cincinnati Chronicle

A THOUGHT.

What is Man's history? Born—living—dying:
Leaving the green shore for the troubled wave,
O'er stormy seas, mid lonely shipwrecks flying,
And casting anchor in the silent grave!

A sufficient Reason. Tom K—, of R. was a notorious sot, and actually sold his once splendid Wardrobe, with the exception of the clothes he had on, to indulge in the dear delight of the bottle. Having nothing else to sell, he one day made a bargain for his last feather bed. When reproved for it by some of his friends, he replied with a leer and a hiccup. "Why I am very well, thank God, and why should I keep my bed?"

We have heard of a traveller who put up at a tavern, but who, being too long for any room in the house, was compelled to raise a window immediately at the foot of the bed, through which he thrust his feet. In the morning, (as the story goes, a flock of turkeys were found quietly roosting on his legs.

Lynchburg Republican.

OCCASIONAL LINES.
JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD.
 Manufactured at No. 188 Grand-st.
 With Art and Elegance combined,
 the "Patent Sofa" takes its stand,
 Chooses the tired frame, refreshes mind,
 Imparts to Health its aspect bland.
 In Steam-boat, Parlor, or Hotel,
 Where'er the weary sigh for rest;
 Oh, let them on this Bedstead dwell,
 Supremely shall their nights be best.
 "Profoundly pleasing," in "soft sleep,"
 Their midnight hours will glide away;
 And 'tis a Luxury we reap,
 To waken blithely with the day.
ECONOMY—the friend of man—
 Though oft neglected and despised,
 Just praise awards to Johnson's plan,
 The best that skill has e'er devised.
 Its merit has a reward—
 Utility has stamp'd its worth;
 It claims a generous regard—
 Unexcel'd, it shall stand forth.

CASTLE GARDEN BATH.

THE public are informed that the large and superior Salt Water Floating Bath has taken her station for the season at the bridge leading to Castle Garden, in fine pure water. This Bath is intended for gentlemen and ladies. The ladies having two days in each week entirely devoted to themselves, until 6 o'clock in the evening. They will also have private Baths every day in the week for subscribers, and those coming with subscribers.

The PUBLIC BATH will also take her station in a few days, at the old stand, foot of Warren-st. North River, at both of which places the public and friends of health are invited to visit, and know for themselves the improvements and comforts of the day.

N. B. Wanted, a Swimming Master. Apply on board the Bath, or at the corner of Greenwich and Murray-sts. May 28

A. TAYLOR, 184 Hudson Street, respectfully solicits the ladies and gentlemen in the vicinity of Hudson and Canal streets to call at his ever fortunate office, and select a few of the capitals of the Literature Lottery, to be drawn next Wednesday, highest prize \$20,000, Tickets \$5, shares in proportion. Why should he not sell the 20,000, as well as in previous lotteries 3 of 30,000,—2 of 20,000,—3 of 15,000,—4 of 10,000, &c.

CLOTHING STORE

221 GREENWICH STREET.

JOHN PARET & Co. Drapers and Tailors, have on hand a large assortment of Clothing for summer, viz. Coats, Vests, Pantalons, Shirts, Collars, Stocks, Cravats, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. made in a fashionable style, and for sale on reasonable terms. May 28

FASHIONABLE

CAP MANUFACTORY,
 No. 105 William-st. three doors from Nassau-st.

MORANGE & DAVIS, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have established a Cap Manufactory, and will always keep on hand a large assortment of the following articles, of different patterns and the latest fashions.

Patent Leather, Oil Silk, Cloth, Morocco, and Linen: Caps for Gentlemen and Boys; Cloth Caps for the Officers of the Navy, also, the regular established Caps for the Officers of the Army, Gentlemen's Fur Caps of every description. Ladies, Misses, and Children's Seal, Genet, Fur, Sremsdown, and Chinchilla Caps. Also, a general assortment of Japanned Leather, figured, plain hair, and Silk Stocks.

A general assortment of the above articles for sale, wholesale and retail, on accommodating terms. May 28

JAMES CHINERY,

No. 90 William-Street,

ENGRAVER, DIE-SINKER, and LETTER CUTTER,

Door Plates and Window Tablets, Projecting Brass Letters, &c.
 Business and Address Cards, Copperplate Printing, &c.
 Book-Binders' Tools, Coats of Arms, Crests, Ciphers, Office Seals, Bankers and Merchants' Endorsing Stamps, Fac Similes, Heads for Newspapers, Brand Marks, Letter Punches and Linen Stamps of every description.
 May 28

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE STORE

BY CHARLES R. TAYLOR. The subscriber will always have for sale a general assortment of articles in the sporting line, such as Fishing Lines of all kinds, solid or walking stick Fishing Rods, Brass Reels, Landing Nets and Hoops, fancy Cork Floats, Swivels, India Grass, single and double Guns and Pistols, Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game nets, Percussion Caps, Fencing Foils, Dirks; also, fancy Pocket Books and Miniature Cases, with an assortment of HARDWARE.

N. B. All sizes of Shot and the best quality of Powder. May 28

STILL LUCKY AT 168.

CLARK has sold in last New York Lottery four capital prizes. No. 21 44 60 a prize of \$1000. No. 4 20 59 \$400. 21 44 59 \$300. No. 4 32 59 \$200. This is the way we do things at CLARK'S. Last week two prizes of \$1,000 and \$1,000, and now again four more Capitals. These things all serve to convince the public that ours is the most proper place to look for prizes.

On Wednesday, June 1st.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

\$30,000, 20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 4,000, 2,520, 6 of 2,000, 6 of 1,500, 12 of 1,000, 12 of 500, 30 of 200, 48 of 100, &c. &c. &c.

All orders by mail or otherwise, promptly and confidentially attended to.

Public news room constantly open from sunrise until 10 o'clock P.M. for accommodation to the public free of expense.

J. L. CLARK. 168 Broadway.

J. WHITE, WATCH-MAKER,

NO. 47 NASSAU-STREET.
 Repairs watches and clocks of every description.

BALL & OVERIN,

Musical Instrument Makers, corner of Walker and Elm streets, (near Broadway,) New York.

PATENT and all other Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, Fifes, Bassoons, and all other Wind Instruments always on hand, and made to order.

N. B. Musical Instruments of every description, repaired in the neatest manner. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.
 May 28

THOMAS DEACON,

FROM LONDON

LOCK-SMITH AND BELL-HANGER,
 NO. 28 LIBERTY STREET.

Smith work in general executed promptly. All kinds of Grates and Kitchen Ranges made to order; and Bells hung on the most approved London plan.
 May 28

HAIR SEATING

CURLED HAIR.
LAWRENCE & GEORGE.

OFFER For sale at their Manufactory, No. 102 Bayard-street, superior fancy and plain Hair Seatings, 15 and 30 inches wide; 10,000 lbs. Brush, and 1000 lbs. Seive Hair.

N. B. A few good Rope Spinners will meet with immediate employment at the above Manufactory, or No. 81 Morton-street. May 28

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway,

Drawing of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 13.

\$2 24 42 59 44 4 60 22 20
 The Grand Capital Prize of \$25,000 sold by Sylvester in a Whole Ticket. What, another? Yes, another! and so will it continue, until Sylvester supplies all his customers with Capitals. Those who have not received their Capitals will please make early application at 130 Broadway.

June 1st, Extra 14, 36 Nos. Capital
 \$30,000 20,000 10,000 Tickets \$10
 June 8th, Extra 15, 60 Nos. 9 ballots. Capital 5
 \$20,000

BLOW THE TRUMPET.

The Grand Lottery so long advertised, will be drawn in this City on the 15th June, Extra Class 16—36 numbers—5 Drawn Ballots.

BRILLIANT SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$60,000 is \$60,000

1 50,000 50,000

1 40,000 40,000

1 25,000 25,000

1 20,000 20,000

1 10,000 10,000

6 5,000 30,000

6 2,500 15,000

6 2,000 12,000

18 1,000 18,000

18 500 9,000

186 150 27,900

186 100 18,600

186 80 14,880

186 60 11,160

1116 40 44,460

13950 20 279,000

15870 Prizes amounting to 685,440

Tickets only Twenty Dollars.

In this scheme, a Package consists of 12 Tickets, and will cost \$250; 5 numbers must draw \$100, and a chance for all the Capitals.

N. B. When a package is taken, a liberal discount will be made. To prevent disappointment, my distant patrons will please send their orders early. In all cases, letters by mail or otherwise, must be addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,

Licensed Broker, New York.

N. B. Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector is published every Thursday; it contains the latest news, corrected price current, full list of counterfeit and broken bank notes, bank note table, prices of stocks, shares, rail roads, official schemes and drawings with much other useful matter to persons in trade. All those who deal with Sylvester will have the Reporter gratis, to others 6 1-4 cents.

NEW-YORK CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY,
 Extra Class No. 14, for 1831. To be drawn in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 1st of June, 1831, at half past 4 P.M. 60 number Lottery, 9 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$30,000 is \$30,000

1 20,000 20,000

1 10,000 10,000

1 5,000 5,000

1 4,000 4,040

1 2,520 2,520

6 2,000 12,000

6 1,500 9,000

12 1,000 12,000

12 500 4,000

39 200 3,500

48 100 2,550

180 50 2,040

180 40 1,530

180 30 2,550

2160 20 14,720

15660 10 58,375

18180 prizes, amounting to \$342,720

YATES & MINTYRE, Managers.

P. I. ARCULARIUS'S CHAIR MANUFACTORY,

NO. 75 JOHN-STREET.

CURLED MAPLE, FANCY, & WINDSOR CHAIRS,



STEAMBOAT AND SHIP'S SETTEES AND STOOLS made to order.
 N. B. Chairs Repainted and Gilt.

W. BEASTALL

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has removed to the house and store No. 118 Fulton street, recently occupied by Solomon King, where he intends keeping a general assortment of books and stationery, which he will sell as low as any store in the city, and hopes, by a strict attention to business, to merit a share of public patronage. He also begs leave to recommend to the public, his celebrated

VEGETABLE COMPOUND OIL,

for dyeing the hair, and promoting its growth. Also his BOTANICAL COMPOUND OIL, for the growth and preservation of the hair, and for assisting its curling. Also his very superior

INDELIBLE PERMANENT INK,

for marking linen, without the trouble of preparing the cloth. W. B. also continues to prepare his Writing Ink, Japan Ink, Red Ink, Ink Powders, Sealing Wax, &c., all which he warrants very superior articles. Those persons who are choice in their inks, will do well to purchase at this establishment.

ELEGANT PARASOLS.

D. O. CAULKINS, 56 Maiden Lane, offers for sale, at wholesale and retail, a very complete assortment of Parasols, viz:

Levantine, brown and Green, embossed border;
 Do. with metal tubes and Ivory handles;
 Do. Florence rosewood, and Ivory finish;
 Figured blue Silk, new style;
 Large size do. plain borders.

Also, a variety of low priced—suitable for the country trade. m19

DR. MEAD'S PATENT CONGRESS POWDER, for making a perfect imitation of the water of the Congress Spring, at Saratoga. This unrivalled preparation, differing in every respect from any thing of the kind before offered to the public, has received the sanction and approbation of some of the most eminent of the faculty, as may be seen by the following testimonial:

The undersigned have examined with much pleasure Dr. Mead's newly discovered Powder for the preparation of artificial Congress Water. They find the constituents are the same as those of the natural Spring, and when dissolved in pure water, to afford a pleasant and salutary beverage, possessing a similar taste, and the same medicinal qualities. They therefore cheerfully recommend its use to some persons as are prevented from drinking the natural water at the Spring.

DAVID HOSACK, M. D.

JAMES RENWICK, L. L. D.

VALENTINE MOIT, M. D.

JER. VAN RENSSLAER, M. D.

The above valuable article for sale, wholesale and retail by the proprietor's agent.

m9 N. B. GRAHAM, Jr. 28 Cedar, c. William st.

SCISSORS, NEEDLES, PENKNIVES, &c.

THE subscribers have constantly on hand an assortment of articles in their line, viz: Needles of the following kinds—drilled, round eyed, sharps, between, and ground downs, harness, saddlers', gloves', packing, netting, upholsterers', corset, tambour, cross-stitch, book-binders', darning, milliners', knitting, and for head work:—Scissors, Penknives, Frizzing Combs, Curling and Pinching Irons, teeth, nail, and comb Brushes, black Pins, silver and other Thimbles, Tapers, Key Rings, Corkscrews, ivory fine Combs, Bodkins, Larding Pins, Tweezers, iron and brass Paste, Cutter's Tamboouring Handles, &c. &c.

April 23.—3m A. OGSBURY & SON.

GREENWICH BATH.

No. 337 Hudson-street.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has erected a commodious building, No. 337 Hudson-street, near Greenwich Village, for a BATHING HOUSE, where they can be accommodated with

Warm, Cold, and Shower Baths,

at reduced prices.

The above building is divided into two separate and distinct apartments, one for Gentlemen, and the other for Ladies, with separate entrances. Between the apartments is a large space for the pipes which convey the water into the Bath Rooms, and render them entirely incapable of any interference whatever. There are two parlors in front; one is handsomely fitted up for Ladies, for whose special purpose a female attendant will be provided. The whole embracing every necessary convenience to be met with at any other establishment of the kind in this city.

Bathing is a luxury highly recommended by our first physicians as especially conducive to health; and in order that those in moderate circumstances may avail themselves of its beneficial effects, the prices are put at the following low rates, viz:

For a single Ticket, \$0 25
 eight do. 1 50
 forty do. 5 00
 100 do. viz. 40 gentle, 7 10 00
 men, 40 ladies, and 20 children, 10 00

Persons living in the lower part of the city, by taking a seat in the Greenwich Stage, will be brought to the door, and charged for a single stage ticket only eight cents. A Stage will leave the Bath every five minutes.

Having spared no pains or expense in the fitting and procuring every convenience necessary for a respectable establishment, he hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

WILLIAM M. THORP.

New-York, May 7, 1831

SUPERIOR Real German Eau de Cologne. A fresh supply of genuine Cologne Water, from F. M. Parina in Cologne, (on the Rhine) has just been received by

DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

377 Broadway, one door below White street.

ROBERT LOVETT,

Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms, Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone.
 Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers, the armorial bearings of over 100,000 names.
 March 26. ly19

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

S. WINTERTON, 166 Canal street, 3 doors north of Varick street, has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats, of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at \$2 and upwards.

Also, an assortment, of Caps, Umbrellas, &c. Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the city.
 April 30.

WILLIAM KIDDER'S



BLACK AND RED WRITING INK AND INK POWDER, INDELLIBLE INK, COURT PLASTER, &c.

These articles are warranted inferior to none. Of the testimonials in their favor, it may suffice to say, they are patronized by the U. S. Government at the Capitol and Departments, New York and many other Post Offices, &c. and that a Diploma was awarded the Ink and Sealing Wax (the only articles exhibited) by the American Institute at the last annual fair.

Sold by OCTAVIUS LONGWORTH,

Sign of the Ink Bottle,

329 Pearl Street, Franklin Square.

Blank Books and STATIONARY at low prices.
 m28 tf28

BOARDING.

NOTICE.—That pleasantly situated house No. 40 Courtlandt-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats,) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May, will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street. April 2

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES.

or, MICHAEL FISHER, } Trustees.

JOSEPH DANILSON, }

Terms of tuition, \$2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at \$1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.

April 2

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENSETT.

ARTIFICIAL ENAMEL HUMAN EYES.

To all those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an Eye.

DR. SCUDDER, Oculist, respectfully gives notice that he has returned to New York, and can be consulted between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, daily, at his office, No. 37 Cortlandt street. All those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, can have the deficiency remedied with a degree of perfection astonishing. Nothing disfigures the face more than the loss of an eye, and it frequently happens that those who have met with the loss exclude themselves from society. The artificial eyes roll, wink, and turn the same as the natural eye, are worn without pain, and will last during life. Being made of the finest flint enamel, and highly polished, they possess the brilliancy of the natural organ, and (so far as appearance goes) completely restore the lost beauty of the human face.
 April 30.